

WILD WEST



A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Application made for Second Class Entry at the N. Y. Post Office.

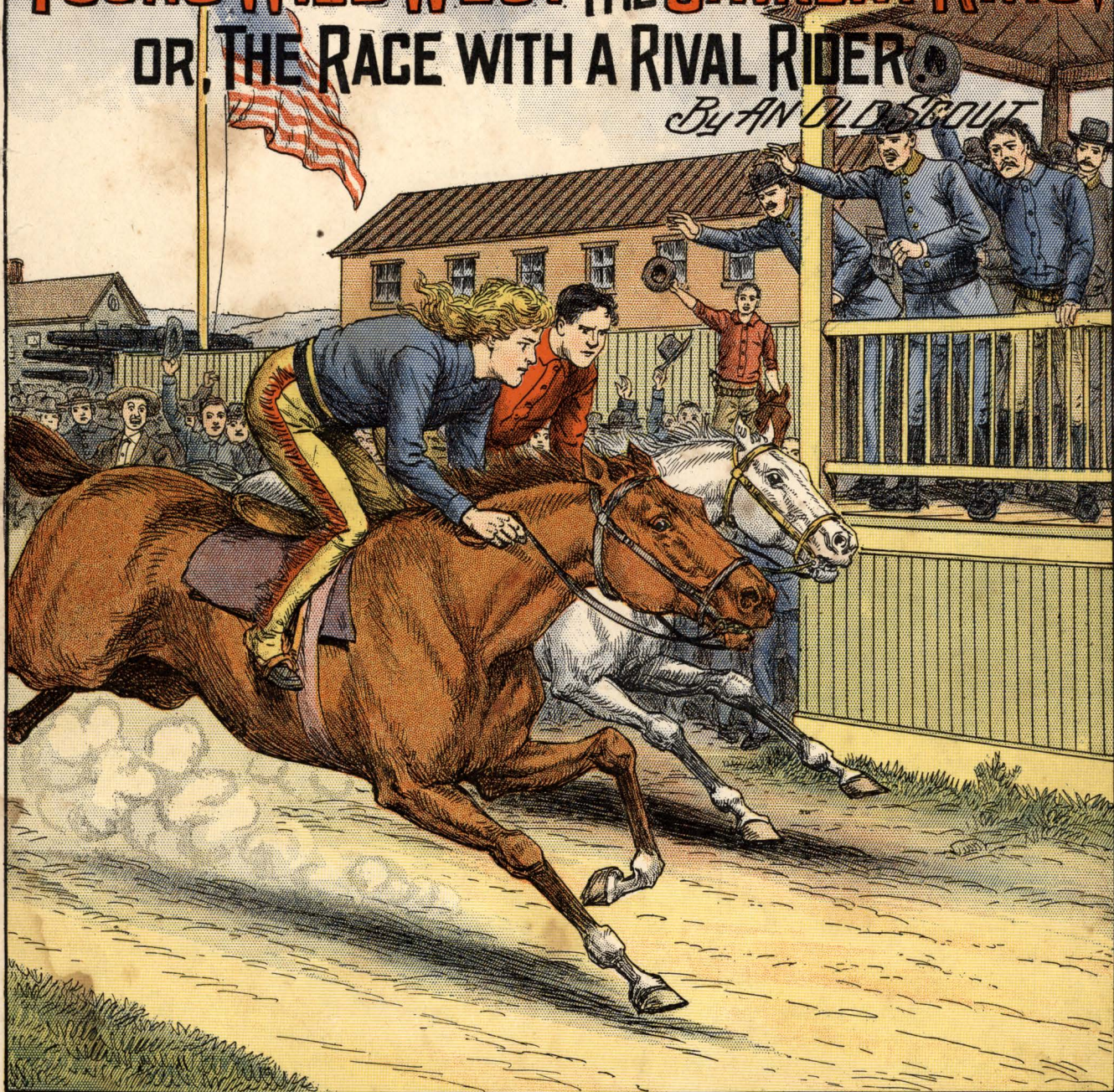
No. 245.

NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE CAVALRY KING; OR, THE RACE WITH A RIVAL RIDER

By AN OLD SCOUT



It was neck-and-neck as they passed the judges' stand the first time around. "Whoopie!" yelled Cheyenne Charlie, waving his hat. "Now wait an' see ther Cavalry King git left! Young Wild West is a sure winner!"

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, Etc., of Western Life

Issued Weekly—By Subscription 2.50 per year. Application made for Second Class entry at the New York, N. Y. Post Office.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1907, in the office of the Librarian of Congress,
Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 245.

NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1907.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Young Wild West and the Cavalry King

OR,

The Race With a Rival Rider

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE REDSKINS WERE PUT TO FLIGHT.

"Come on, boys! I guess we'll be in time to help them. The red fiends have only got two of the cabins blazing, and I reckon we'll make them scatter before they can get any further ahead. Spread out to the right, Charlie, and you to the left, Jim. When you see my rifle go to my shoulder you know what to do!"

The speaker was Young Wild West, the Champion of all the Deadshots, and known by many as the Prince of the Saddle.

Mounted upon his splendid sorrel stallion, Spitfire, he was riding at full speed toward a small settlement that was being attacked by hostile Indians.

With him were his two faithful partners, Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart.

They had been following the trail that led along the bank of the Black river with the wife of Cheyenne Charlie, the two sweethearts of Young Wild West and Jim Dart and their two Chinese servants, when they came in sight of the redskins swooping down upon the settlement, which only consisted of something like half a dozen of log shanties.

Young Wild West was always ready to do a good turn for a fellow creature in distress.

As there were over a score of the Indians, he knew that the settlers had a hard fight, so he at once called upon his partners to follow him to the rescue.

The three soon left their companions far in the rear, and as our young hero uttered the words at the opening of

our story, they were only a hundred yards distant from the scene of the attack.

Already two of the cabins were in flames, and the cracking of firearms and the fierce yells of the hostile Apaches made it what might be readily called a thrilling situation.

Young Wild West, his long chestnut hair floating on the breeze, made a perfect picture of just what he was, a true boy hero of the Wild West.

He cast a quick look to the right and left, and saw that his partners were ready for business.

Then his trusty Winchester flew to his shoulder.

Crang!

The report rang out sharp and clear above the din of the battle, and it was the signal for Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart to open up the game.

Crang—crang! Crang—crang! Cra-an-ng!

The young deadshot and his partners never missed when they fired to kill, and the yelling redskins fell right and left.

So interested were they in their fiendish work that they had failed to notice the approach of the three riders, but they saw them now, and they understood.

Almost instantly they ceased the attack and turned to flee.

Young Wild West and his partners were so close to them now that they ceased using their rifles, and opened fire with their revolvers.

Crack, crack, crack! Crack—cra-a-a-ack!

A shout of triumph went up from the defenders of the little settlement, who had gathered in the largest and strongest of the huts, and then they poured a volley into the ranks of the fleeing Indians.

Of the score or more that had swooped upon the settlement only eight could be seen in the saddle now, and they were getting away as fast as their tough little horses could carry them.

It was just at this moment that the piercing notes of a bugle sounded from the right.

Young Wild West glanced in that direction, and saw a small detachment of cavalry riding for the scene at full speed.

There were only about a dozen of them, and the lieutenant in command was riding well ahead, swinging his short sword and urging his men on.

"You are all right," muttered the dashing young deadshot, as he wiped the blood from the lobe of his ear, where a bullet had grazed it. "But you are just in time to be too late, I guess."

The brave boy and his partners did not give pursuit to the fleeing redskins.

As soon as they got together they rode into the settlement and assisted the men there to extinguish the burning roofs of the two cabins that had been fired by the hostiles.

The cavalry went on in pursuit, but before they had got half a mile the Indians were seen to be leaving them far in the rear.

"I reckon their horses must be putty well tired out," observed Cheyenne Charlie, as he brushed his long black hair from his face. "Ther Injuns has got 'em beat by a mile! That leftenant has got a mighty good nag, though, Wild."

"I was watching him, Charlie," was the reply. "I wouldn't be surprised if that horse could put up a mighty good gait. The lieutenant is a fine horseman, too."

"There is no mistake about that," Jim Dart admitted.

As the cavalry came back they found everything in pretty good shape at the settlement.

Our friends had found out by this time that only three of the men had been wounded, and neither of them dangerously, so that was not so bad.

"Hello!" shouted the lieutenant, as he rode up and halted near the bunch of settlers. "I rather think it would have gone hard with you if we had not showed up just as we did. We are always on time, anyhow. We make it a point to be. I have got a fine lot of men here, and I am proud of them."

"We was mighty glad ter see yer comin', leftenant," answered a rugged man of sixty. "But I reckon these here fellers had ther redskins on ther go afore your bugle sounded. I never seen sich shootin' in my life, an' I've seen lots of it in my day. They jest mowed 'em down at long range, an' when it got ter close quarters a redskin dropped at every pop. Three cheers fur ther three what saved us, boys! We forgot about it, I reckon. We'll give 'em three cheers first, an' then ther cavalrymen kin come in after. Now, then, everybody let himself loose."

The cheer that went up echoed through the valley, for every man, woman and child in the settlement faced Young Wild West and his partners and shouted at the top of their voices.

The face of the young lieutenant darkened, and his lip curled in a sneer.

Neither he nor his men opened their mouths while the cheering was going on.

Then the old settler proposed three cheers for the cavalry, and though they got a rousing send-off it was not so loud, or so earnest as the preceding one.

The fact was that the cavalrymen themselves did the most of the cheering.

They knew who was responsible for the sudden defeat of the Apaches.

The building that the settlers and their families had crowded into was a store, and as it was larger and stronger than the rest of the shanty-like structures, it was only natural that they should convert it into a sort of fort.

Some of the wives of the men were now going back to their cabins, for they knew the danger was over.

Young Wild West looked back on the trail and saw that the rest of those who made up his party were coming.

Suddenly one of the cavalrymen, who was a corporal or something, waved his hat in the air and shouted:

"Now, boys, everybody give three cheers for Lieutenant Harry Kircher, the Cavalry King!"

The soldiers let out a roar that could have been heard a long distance, and some of the settlers joined in.

The lieutenant took off his hat and bowed, smiling his appreciation.

"The Cavalry King, eh?" said Jim Dart, as he looked at Young Wild West. "That is quite a name to have, I should say."

"Yes," was the reply. "I suppose he has made a name for himself through some daring act. Well, he looks as though he might be a very smart fellow. He certainly is a fine rider, anyhow."

It was just then that the man of sixty, who seemed to be a sort of leader for the settlers, came up and said:

"I reckon we ought ter know your names."

"All right," answered our hero. "I am Young Wild West, and these two gentlemen are Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart, my partners."

He nodded to each of them as he called his partners by name.

"Is that so?" the settler cried. "I reckon I've heard of yer. No wonder yer made ther redskins scoot! Boys, it is Young Wild West, ther champion deadshot, what saved us. Here he is, an' here's his pards. I reckon we'd better give 'em another cheer, fur ther most of yer has heard tell of 'em. Now, then, all together! Three cheers fur Young Wild West an' his pards!"

As before, everyone but the cavalrymen joined in the cheering.

Of course, our three friends noticed this.

They could readily understand why it was, too.

The lieutenant and his men were jealous of them.

Young Wild West was one of the sort who was bound to speak out what he thought, so, turning to the lieutenant, he exclaimed:

"It is too bad, Lieutenant Kircher. If I had known that you wanted the honors so badly I would have stayed back and allowed you to put the redskins to flight. As it turned out, you were not needed at all."

"Do you suppose the Apaches would have left if they had not seen us coming?" demanded the lieutenant, hotly.

"I don't suppose anything about it, sir; I know they did start to leave before they saw or heard you coming. I reckon that we had them all right. If they had stayed a little longer, and you had remained away a little longer, there would have been none of them alive. I know pretty well what I am talking about. You may be a Cavalry King, but you have got a very jealous disposition. You want more honors than you are capable of getting, I guess."

"Boy, do you know who you are talking to?"

The lieutenant's face was white with suppressed rage now.

"Yes; I am talking to a lieutenant of the Eighth Cavalry, I believe. I have a good right to talk to you, too. I also have the right to advise you; I will prove it to you, before you get so angry that you may have a fit. Just look over that document, will you?"

The dashing young deadshot took an official-looking envelope from his breast pocket, and pulling a paper from it, passed it to the man.

The lieutenant hurriedly opened it, and scanned what was written on it.

The pallor left his face, and soon the blood reddened his cheeks.

"I guess that is all right—if it is genuine," he said, as he passed the document back. "It states that you are a duly authorized scout, to go and come of your own free will and accord, and that you have the power to advise any officer in command of a troop or detachment. It may be all right, but it may not. How do I know whether the paper is a forgery or not? Then, again, how do I know that you are Young Wild West?"

"Never mind, lieutenant; you don't have to know anything about it, if you don't want to. Now, take my advice and show yourself a nice, gentlemanly officer. Be a good boy, and you will come out all right. You could have easily scattered the redskins with your eleven men, but you came too late to do it. We did the job, and if you will look around the two buildings that were on fire you will find the evidences of our work."

Young Wild West turned on his heel and walked over to where his horse was standing.

A young woman something past twenty and two young girls rode up just then, followed by two Chinamen, who were leading pack-horses.

The five consisted of the balance of Young Wild West's party.

The wives of the settlers hastened to welcome the females, while the men, including the lieutenant and his cavalymen, looked at them with interest.

They were certainly bound to attract attention, for they were very pretty, one of the girls especially.

She was a pronounced blond, and she was as fearless as she was pretty. This was Arietta Murdock, the charming sweetheart of Young Wild West, a girl who had been born and brought up in Wyoming, and one who could ride a horse and handle a firearm as well as the average man.

The other girl was of the brunette type. Her name was Eloise Gardner, and she was the sweetheart of Jim Dart. Though she had not lived more than two or three years in the Wild West, she had become quite accustomed to its ways, and loved the outdoor life she led the best part of the time.

The young woman was the wife of Cheyenne Charlie. Her name was Anna, and she had helped make a man out of the scout and Indian fighter.

Charlie, like the majority of men of his profession, had been a pretty wild sort of a young man before he got married, but since that time he had tamed down considerably.

The two Chinaman were brothers, named Hop Wah and Wing Wah. They were very commonplace Celestials, and looked to be very innocent, especially Hop.

But looks are deceiving sometimes, and it was true in this case, for Hop was one of the cleverest of his race.

He was a sleight-of-hand performer, a professional card sharp, a practical joker, and liked whisky, which he always called "tanglefoot."

His brother did the cooking, and he did whatever was required of him in the way of work, which was not a great deal, as a rule.

The scowl left the face of Lieutenant Harry Kircher as he saw the girls, and he became very polite and gentlemanly all at once.

It was evident that he was one of the sort who always tried to make an impression on every pretty girl he saw.

The girls, as our hero and his partners always called the three—notwithstanding that Anna was a married woman—were attired in fancy riding costumes which became them greatly, and as they dismounted the lieutenant stepped forward and tipped his hat.

"Can I be of any assistance, ladies?" he asked, just as though he did not know that they belonged to Young Wild West's party.

"No, thank you," answered Young Wild West's sweetheart, looking at him indifferently. Then she turned to her dashing young lover and said:

"Well, Wild, you certainly made the redskins scatter. I was almost tempted to ride up and join in the fight. Did anyone get hurt?"

"Three wounded, Et," was the reply. "But not so very bad, though. They will come around all right. About a dozen of the redskins went under, though."

"They were glad to turn and ride away when they saw us coming," spoke up the lieutenant, who was not yet

crushed, by any means. "Cavalrymen can generally make hostiles get a move on them, you know."

"Ther galoot is only blowin', gals," put in Cheyenne Charlie. "Ther Injuns was on ther run when ther bugle sounded. We was ther ones what made 'em git."

"You had better keep your tongue between your teeth, you big galoot!" exclaimed the corporal, looking at the scout, fiercely. "You can't insult the Cavalry King any kind of fashion."

"Don't you like what I said?" cried Charlie, hotly.

"No!" was the retort.

"Well, what are yer goin' ter do about it? I don't care whether you've got a uniform, or whether you ain't! If yer say two words more ter me I'll give yer a wallopin'!"

The corporal looked at his superior, and receiving a nod of assent, drew his sword and struck at Cheyenne Charlie with the flat of the blade.

CHAPTER II.

WILD FIGHTS A DUEL WITH THE CAVALRY KING

Cheyenne Charlie was no mean athlete, in spite of the fact that he had never seen the inside of a gymnasium in his life.

He was one of Nature's own athletes, hardened and tempered by his outdoor life and continual activity.

As the corporal drew his sword he knew what was coming, and as the blow was struck he stepped aside in time to escape it.

Before the cavalryman could recover from the effects of the miss he had made the scout sprang forward and clutched his wrist with his left hand.

Spat!

A very hard fist caught the corporal squarely in the mouth.

Then, as the cavalry sword was wrenched from him, he staggered back and fell against one of the horses of the command.

"Poof—poof!" he sputtered, and out came two or three teeth.

"Yer measly coyote, yer!" cried the scout, his dark eyes flashing. "Yer was goin' ter whack me with ther flat of your sword, was yer? Well, I jest reckon that there ain't no galoot like you what's goin' ter do a thing like that! I've a notion ter take ther blamed old sword an' jam it down your throat!"

"Seize that man!" cried Lieutenant Kircher, his face turning livid with rage. "He shall be taken to the fort and court-martialed for striking an officer of the army!"

"Hold on a minute," spoke up Young Wild West, calmly drawing his revolver. "I'll shoot the first man who lays hands on Cheyenne Charlie! He is now acting as a special government scout, and he is just a peg or two above a common corporal. You nodded for the corporal to go ahead

and strike him, and by doing that you laid yourself liable. You just shut up, now! If you don't you'll get yourself in trouble right here, and when you go back to the fort, as well. I know what I am talking about, lieutenant!"

"I kin lick any blamed cavalryman in ther bunch, from you down!" called out the scout, whose blood was now up. "Come on, you galoot of a corporal! I'll jest make your face change so that your own mother wouldn't know yer."

But the corporal was not looking for any more.

The blow he had received had taken the starch out of him, and he was holding his hands to his mouth and walking about as though in great pain.

"I'm a gentleman, Young Wild West," said the lieutenant, looking at the girls, as though he expected them to bear him out in the assertion. "You have insulted me, and though it is not in accordance with the rules of the army, I must demand satisfaction."

At this Arietta laughed aloud.

"Wild, I guess he wants to fight a duel with you," she said. "I pity him if he does."

"I guess that's what he wants, Et," retorted the young deadshot, with a smile. "Well, Lieutenant, I'm ready to accommodate you."

Kircher turned his horse and rode out into the open a hundred yards away from the nearest shanty.

Then he brought his horse to a halt and drew his sword, waving it defiantly at our hero.

Wild quickly picked up the weapon that the scout had wrenched from the grasp of the corporal, and the next moment he was upon the back of the sorrel stallion.

He knew very well that it was not the proper thing to do, but the angry lieutenant had challenged him, and it would not be in accord with his nature to let it go unheeded.

He rode out to meet him without delay.

"I suppose you feel just in the humor to slice my head off, Kircher?" he said. "Well, I feel sorry for you! A fine-looking young officer like you ought to have better sense. You call yourself the Cavalry King, too! What would the colonel say if he heard about this?"

"Never mind what the colonel will say," was the retort. "There is such a thing as honor, you know. I am a man of honor, and I will allow no young puppy like you to insult me, without resenting it!"

It nettled Young Wild West to be called a young puppy.

But he did not mean to harm the excited officer in the least.

He was going to humiliate him, though.

The dashing young deadshot could handle any kind of a weapon with skill.

He had practiced much with them all, and if he had only possessed a club now he would have gone at the lieutenant just as quickly.

As it was, he rode up at a gallop, holding the sword ready for some quick work.

Then it was that the so-called Cavalry King showed off his skillful riding and expert horsemanship.

He was certainly an adept at the game, and the horse he rode was well up to it.

But Young Wild West's sorrel was so well trained that the boy could make him answer to the slightest movement of his knees, and as the two animals came together, Spit-fire turned quickly to the right, and the blades of the swords clashed.

Then some very pretty work ensued.

The spectators watched in silence, for never had they seen anything in that line that quite equaled it.

Clash—clash!

The two blades came together and the sparks flew.

The horses leaped and pranced in answer to the slightest movement of the riders.

Lieutenant Kircher was plainly trying his best to unhorse his opponent, regardless of whether he sent him to the ground alive or dead. But Young Wild West was simply playing with him, and watching for the chance to disarm him.

The boy's friends knew this quite well, and they looked on with an air of indifference.

The fight was not of long duration.

Suddenly the lieutenant struck a downward blow that must have split the skull of our hero had he not been quick enough to avoid it.

There was a quick parry, then a lightning-like movement from the dashing boy in the buckskin suit, and Kircher's sword went flying from his hand.

Slap!

An instant later the flat of the sword Wild was handling struck the man lightly on the cheek.

"I guess that'll be about all!" exclaimed the young deadshot. "Get back to your men, lieutenant. You may be a Cavalry King, but you are no good! You can write that down and paste it in the crown of your hat for future reference."

The ten cavalymen now came galloping to the scene, leaving the corporal washing out his mouth and trying to stop the blood that flowed from it.

Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart mounted and rode after them, thinking that they meant to attack their gallant young leader.

Probably they might have done this if the defeated lieutenant had not waved them back.

The Cavalry King was much mortified, of course, but he had sense enough to quit now.

He met them and then rode back with them.

Then the corporal was attended to, after which the bugler gave a call and they all rode off, taking the trail of the redskins.

Our friends laughed at them as they departed.

"You're all right, Young Wild West!" declared the old man, who was the leader of the settlers. "You give that galoot jest what he needed. By jove! He was a putty good one, but he was no match fur you! You're ther boy what can't be beat!"

The men all crowded around the victorious young deadshot.

It was plain that no one sympathized with the defeated Cavalry King.

It was near the hour of noon, so our hero and his companions decided to remain at the settlement until the next morning.

They were on their way to Fort Apache, Arizona, which was only about thirty-five miles to the west of the settlement.

About a hundred of the Apaches had broken away from the reservation and declared war on the palefaces, and Young Wild West and his partners, hearing of it, had decided to go to the fort and render what assistance they could.

They felt it their duty to do this, since they held appointments as special scouts for the government.

As they received no pay for what they did, they had the privilege to come and go as they pleased, and, as the document Wild had shown the lieutenant stated, they were to be looked upon by the different officers they came in contact with as advisers.

This was all because Young Wild West and his two partners had rendered such valuable assistance to the government during the past two or three years.

Our hero never liked to get into trouble with an army officer, but there had been no help for it this time, and he realized that he had made an enemy of the Cavalry King, as Lieutenant Kircher chose to call himself.

But he did not care much about that, knowing that nothing more than the young man's personal enmity could result from it.

Ned Forbes, the leader of the band of men who resided at the settlement, insisted that our friends should remain until the next morning, so even if they had not made up their minds to do so, it would have been hard to refuse the pressing invitation.

"What do you call this place, anyhow, Mr. Forbes?" Wild asked him, as they selected a shady spot near the bank of the river to pitch their camp.

"Oh, ther boys wanted ter name it after me, so they call it Forbes," was the reply.

"Well, I guess that is a good enough name. I suppose the most of you make your living by hunting and trapping, don't you?"

"Yes, that's how we get hold of a little cash money now an' then. We raise about everything we eat, though. Ther soil is very good jest here, so most anything will grow. Yer kin see what we've got planted if yer look around a bit. Them red galoots didn't have time ter destroy much of it."

"Yes, I noticed that there was considerable land around here in a state of cultivation when we rode up. Well, there is one thing certain, some of the redskins who tried to wipe you out this morning won't try it again."

"I reckon not—not in this world, anyhow," and the settler laughed.

The passing of a few Indians was nothing to him, since he had been brought up to hate them for the early atrocities of their race.

When the old man noticed that the cook of the party was starting a fire, he promptly invited them all to take dinner at his cabin.

But Young Wild West assured him that they were well supplied with provisions and game, and that they would much rather not bother his wife, so he gave in to the argument.

"The women have got enough to think about since the redskin attack without bothering with fixing a meal for a lot of strangers," Arietta added, and then Forbes nodded, approvingly.

"Don't both of your Chinamen cook fur yer?" he asked, as he noticed that only one of them was doing any work.

"Oh, no," replied Wild. "Hop is a sort of gentleman, you know. He is what we call our handy man. He can do almost anything in the line of work, and he can always make us smile when we feel lonely. Hop is a wonderful Chinaman, you bet! He isn't much of a fighter, but he has put more redskins and renegade white men to flight than you have any idea of."

"Is that so?" and Forbes looked at the Chinaman curiously.

"Yes, that's right. He has saved my life more than once, too."

"Then yer ought ter think quite a bit of him."

"I do. Hop, come over here."

The Chinaman, who had been reclining under a tree, got up and approached them, looking as innocent as a little child.

"Whatee wantee, Misler Wild?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Forbes here just asked why it was that you were not helping your brother, so I thought I would let him talk to you. I just told him that you was a pretty smart fellow."

"Me allee samee velly muchee smartee," was the quick retort; and then the Chinaman looked so silly that the settler began to think that he was nothing more than a "Fool Chineese," after all.

"So you're putty smart, eh?" observed Forbes. "Do yer know how ter cook?"

"Me knowee how to cookee velly nicee, so be."

"Why don't you help your brother, then?"

"He no wantee helpee; he allee samee gittee mad if me helpee. You likee eggs?"

"Do I like eggs? I sartinly do."

"Me cookee nicee egg in um hat, len. You let me havee um hat."

"What! You'll cook me an egg in my hat!" gasped the old man. "I guess not!"

"Me no hurtee um hat," the Chinaman declared.

"Let him do it," suggested Wild. "If he says he won't hurt your hat he won't. I'll guarantee that."

"I paid nine dollars fur that hat," said Forbes, as he took off his sombrero and looked at it with a certain de-

gree of fondness. "I wouldn't have it mussed up or tore not fur ten."

"If me hurtee um hat me givve you twenty dollee," Hop assured him, as he took the hat from the man's hand, almost before he knew it.

"Well, go on," Forbes said, resignedly.

"You havee givve me um egg, len me cookee allee samee putty quicke."

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE FUN.

A comical-looking man of middle-age, who wore a very ragged suit of clothes, and whose head was adorned by a hat that had seen better days, now stepped up.

"What's this I hear, Ned?" he said, grinning at the settler. "Is ther heathen goin' ter cook an egg in your hat?"

"That's what he says, Nate," answered Forbes. "He says he's a mighty smart Chineese."

"He must be one of them fellers like I see in St. Louey onct, then. That feller cooked an omelet in a galoot's plug hat, an' he didn't hurt ther hat a bit. I seen that with my own eyes."

"Oh, I've heard you talk afore, Nate Pepper!" exclaimed Forbes. "You only want ter git a chance ter laugh when yer see my Stetson git ruined. But yer won't laugh much, 'cause ther heathen guarantees ter give me twenty dollars if he harms ther hat. I reckon that'll pay me all right."

"He, he, he!" giggled the comical-looking man. "I'll run an' git an egg from ther store, 'cause I want ter see this thing done."

"Hully up, so be," spoke up Hop, nodding to him.

As the man hurried off Forbes turned to Wild and said:

"That feller is ther clown of ther settlement. He never does much but drink whisky, an' he's always doin' some-thing' what he thinks is mighty funny, an' then laughin' at it, like ther blamed fool he is. He ain't got all his buttons, yer know."

Hop listened to this, and his face became very grave for a moment.

Evidently he was thinking that he was not the only humorist in the settlement, and it hurt his feelings somewhat.

Nate Pepper was not gone long.

He came back with an egg in his hand, and promptly handed it to the Chinaman.

"Jest laid this mornin', so Bagley says," he declared. "I charged it ter Ned, so when his old woman goes ter buy a dozen eggs she'll only git 'leven. He, he, he!"

He laughed loud and long, as though he had sprung a very good joke on Forbes.

Hop took the egg, looked it over carefully, and then nodded in a satisfied way.

Then he put the egg in the hat, which he placed on the ground, after first brushing away some particles of dirt.

Next he took a black-looking cigar from his pocket and lighted it.

He puffed away for a minute or two and then pulled a handful of cotton from another pocket.

Then came a rubber tube, and next a big yellow silk handkerchief came to light.

By this time there was quite a little crowd gathered about, among which were to be seen the three men, who had been wounded in the fight with the Indians.

"Evellybody watchee!" exclaimed the clever Chinaman. "Me cookee um egg velly muchee quicke, so be."

The bunch of cotton was placed in the hat, the rubber tube pushed in, so the biggest part of it protruded, and then the handkerchief was covered over it, just so the end of the tube could be seen.

Hop now dropped upon his stomach and took the end of the tube in his mouth.

He began blowing gently.

At first nothing strange occurred.

Then Forbes suddenly let out an exclamation of dismay. Smoke was coming from under the handkerchief!

"Hey! You'll burn my hat!" he shouted, stepping forward.

Wild caught him by the arm.

"Take it easy," he said. "He won't harm your hat in the least. I guarantee that."

"All right, then. Anything what Young Wild West says I'll depend on. But look there! Ther hat must be on fire."

Smoke was coming out now in a regular cloud.

"He, he, he!" roared Nate Pepper, dancing about in glee. "Oh, if this ain't great I never seen anything what was. Wow! Look at Ned Forbes' high-priced hat! Won't it be a dandy when that heathen gits through with it. Ho, ho, ho! I never laughed so much in my life!"

"See here, you foolish galoot! If there's anything wrong with it I'm goin' ter kick you ter ther store an' back!" cried the old man. "You're too foolish ter live, you are."

Suddenly Hop stopped blowing on the rubber tube.

He whipped it out suddenly, and rolling it up, put it in one of his many pockets.

"Um egg allee samee done," he said, as he started to make a few mysterious passes over the handkerchief. "You likee hard boilee, Misler Forbes?"

"I sartinly do," was the retort. "No soft-b'iled eggs fur me."

"Allee light; me makee hardee, so be."

Then he snapped his fingers and pulled off the handkerchief.

The bunch of cotton came with it, and when the crowd leaned over to look in the hat they saw that nothing but the egg was there.

"No takee till um gittee allee samee lillee cool," said the Chinaman. "Makee velly muchee hottee when um cookee."

Forbes was looking to find some burned marks on the

hat, more than anything else, but when he failed to see any he took a glance at the egg.

To all appearances, it was the same one Nate Pepper had got at the store.

After a couple of minutes had passed Hop nodded and observed:

"Allee light; now you eatee um egg, Misler Forbes."

"See here!" cried the old man. "I don't know how yer made ther smoke come out of my hat without burnin' it, but yer can't make me believe that ther egg is cooked. That won't go down with me."

"Um egg allee samee cookee velly nicee; me bettee you ten dollee!"

"Hanged if I don't go yer!" and Forbes put his hand in his pocket.

"Hold on," said Wild. "Don't bet with the Chinaman. You'll only lose. If he says the egg is cooked you'll find that it is."

"Do yer mean that, Young Wild West?"

"Yes. This is a wonderful Chinaman we have got, as I told you before."

"All right, then; I won't bet. Gimme a little salt, an' if that egg is cooked done I'll eat it right afore ther whole crowd."

"Fetchee lillee salt, my blother," called out Hop, turning to Wing.

"Allee light," was the reply, and the next minute the cook had the salt there.

Then Forbes took up both the hat and the egg.

The former he looked over carefully, and finding it all right, placed it on his head.

He took his hunting-knife from his belt and cracked the shell of the egg, expecting to see the contents run out.

But nothing of the kind occurred.

The old man looked puzzled.

"He, he, he!" giggled Nate Pepper, who stood close at his side.

"Shet up!" roared the settler. "If that egg ain't cooked jest ter my likin' I'm goin' ter rub it in your hair, Nate!"

The comical fellow got away promptly.

Then another crack was given to the shell of the egg.

The next moment Forbes broke it open.

It was a hard-boiled egg!

The old man's jaw dropped.

Pepper laughed loud and long, just as he would have done had the egg been raw.

The lookers-on were much mystified, of course.

Only our friends could understand it.

Hop was a clever magician, so they were not surprised at anything he did.

The settlers all wanted to look at the egg, so Forbes allowed them to.

When they were all satisfied that it was thoroughly cooked he removed the rest of the shell, salted it, and ate it up in two mouthfuls.

"You're a wonder, all right!" he exclaimed, looking at the grinning Chinaman.

Then he made another examination of his hat.

It was just as good as it had been before he allowed the Chinaman to take it, so it became more of a puzzle than ever.

The funny man began dancing about, as though it was the most comical thing he had ever seen or heard of, and when he got pretty close to Hop he was halted by him.

"You lettee me havee you hat," the Celestial said. "Me showee velly nicee lillee tlick."

"All right," was the reply. "Yer can't hurt my hat, anyhow. Ned paid nine dollars fur his, an' I didn't pay nothin' fur mine. That's ther difference. He, he, he!"

Hop took his battered old headgear, looked it over, and then shook his head.

"How many eggs you bling flom um store?" he asked.

"One, of course."

"You mustee bling two, so be. You gottee one in um hat."

"What!"

"Lat velly muchee tlee, so be."

Hop held the hat down low, so the spectators could look into it.

Sure enough, there was an egg in it.

"You mustee takee um egg when um man no lookee," went on the Chinaman, shaking his head, sadly. "Me no tinkee you steal um egg."

Pepper looked at the egg in a puzzled way.

"I didn't know that egg was in my hat, honest I didn't," he declared, as he turned to the crowd.

"You puttee in um hat, and len you allee samee forgittee," Hop remarked.

Then he placed the hat on the man's head, leaving the egg in it.

He had no sooner done this when Forbes brought his hand down upon the hat heavily.

The egg, which was really the one the man had got at the store, broke and ran down over his forehead.

"He, he, he!" giggled the victim of the joke.

This was the signal for a general laugh from all hands.

"I reckon that galoot don't know what fun is," exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie. "Anyone as would laugh because he got an egg smashed on his head ain't what might be called right."

"Well, Nate Pepper ain't right, nor never was since I knowed him," Forbes hastened to say. "He jest enjoys that as much as we do."

"Of course I do," cried the victim of the joke, who overheard the last remark. "Ain't it enough ter make anyone laugh? Who's goin' ter pay fur ther egg yer broke, Ned? Ha, ha, ha!"

The scout turned away in disgust.

"A fool is a fool," he said, "but a blamed fool is worse nor an ordinary one."

Hop seemed satisfied with the way things had turned out, and leaving the crowd, he walked over and made out

that he was helping his brother get the noonday meal ready.

The settlers took the hint, and gradually went away from the camp.

The only one who lingered was Nate Pepper.

He sat under a tree near by, the yolk of the egg still on his face.

Wild noticed him, and asked him why he did not go somewhere and wash himself.

"Water an' me ain't on ther best of terms," was the reply, and then he laughed uproariously.

"I don't call that very funny," our hero observed, as he turned to his companions. "It strikes me that a little water would do that man a pile of good. The river is not very far away, Charlie, and the water is not deep enough to drown him."

The scout took the hint right away.

He promptly walked over to the ragged and dirty man.

"How would yer like ter have a good drink?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!" laughed Pepper, hugging himself and fairly rolling on the ground. "Jest give me a chance an' I'll show yer how I'd like it? Is it good licker you've got?"

"Ther best in ther world," retorted Charlie, with a grin. "Jest come here, so them heathens can't see me give it ter yer."

It was wonderful to see how quickly the man jumped to his feet. He followed the scout right to the river bank, without having the least idea what was up.

"I hate ter give yer sich a good drink," said Charlie, grinning at him. "I'm afraid your stomach ain't used ter sich pure stuff."

Then, without anything further, he gave him a push and sent him sprawling into the water, which was not more than a couple of feet deep right there.

Of course, there was a laugh, for all hands were satisfied that if anyone ever needed a wash this particular man did.

Pepper scrambled to his feet and made for the bank, but Charlie pulled his revolver and called out to him.

"Take a good drink, you dirty galoot. Then wash that egg off yer head an' face. If yer come out afore yer do I'll fill yer full of holes!"

He stood right there until his victim had obeyed.

"Now, why don't yer laugh some more?" Charlie asked, as he came out.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAVALRY KING SHOWS UP AGAIN.

If Nate Pepper had looked comical before he certainly did now, after emerging from the water.

He was dripping wet, but the egg had been washed from

his face, and it was quite likely that he was slightly cleaner than he had been for some time.

"He, he, he?" he tittered, in reply to Cheyenne Charlie's query. "Oh, that was awful funny. Ha, ha, ha! I just thought of it. I've got a shirt on that belongs ter old White up here. His wife let me have it this mornin' while she washed an' mended ther one I had. Now it is all wet! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ther galoot is a downright fool; there ain't no question about it," the scout observed, as he walked back to the camp. "I don't see nothin' funny in ther way he acts."

"Well, maybe he is more to be pitied than blamed, Charlie," Wild replied. "Suppose we hunt up something in the way of a shirt and some underclothes for him? We are pretty well stocked, you know."

"Oh, sartinly we'll do that. If he needs anything in that line I reckon we kin fix him up."

"He needs it, all right," spoke up Jim Dart.

They called the wretched, comical-looking man up, and a few minutes later they had fixed him up.

"Now you go home and dress yourself, and then see how long you can keep sober," our hero said. "You are hardly the fool you make out to be, I guess. It is rum that makes you act so silly, I think. You will do anything to get it."

"He, he, he! Thank yer, Young Wild West," was the reply, and then he went off.

The cook called out that the dinner was ready a few minutes later, and then Young Wild West and his friends sat down and did full justice to a well-cooked meal.

They were in the habit of eating pretty good things, and as Wing certainly knew how to fix things to their taste, they seldom had any fault to find.

However, they sometimes got caught in a very wild part of the country, and got out of certain things.

Then they had to make the best of it, and live on what they shot until they could get to a place where provisions could be purchased.

But even the girls did not mind this.

They were so used to roughing it on the mountains and plains, and even the deserts, that they had got used to it.

After dinner Wild and his partners strolled out to where some of the settlers were digging a trench to bury the slain Indians.

"There ain't no use in lettin' 'em lay here," explained Ned Forbes, who was superintending the job. "Ther ones what got away won't never come back ter bury 'em, 'tain't likely. It is putty sartin that them cavalrymen will git 'em afore night, anyhow."

"That's so," our hero answered.

The weapons and other things of value that the Apaches had possessed were carried to the store, and put aside and then the bodies were buried.

"There ain't no use in talkin', Young Wild West!" exclaimed the old settler. "If you an' your two pards hadn't showed up jest as yer did them two shanties wouldn't have been saved. Ther redskins would have lit out, most

likely, when they seen ther cavalrymen comin', but it would have been jest a little too late. They started ter run the very second that you folks opened fire on 'em. All they wanted ter see was a couple of their gang drop, an' then they lit out. It was putty nigh five minutes after that afore that bugle sounded."

"I guess you are about right, Mr. Forbes," retorted Wild. "Well, I am very glad that we got here in time. I am sorry that the lieutenant took it the way he did, though. I never want to have any trouble with army officers."

"Well, I don't blame yer fur what yer done. Yer sorter learned him a lesson, I reckon. He might be ther Cavalry King, as he says he is, but he don't know how ter hold back his jealous feelin's."

"An' he don't know how ter fight on horseback, either," spoke up one of the men."

"Oh, yes, he does," Forbes declared. "He's a dandy at that game, an' no mistake. But Young Wild West was a little better at it. That's what's ther matter."

"I reckon you've got that jest right, Forbes," Cheyenne Charlie observed. "There ain't no use in sayin' that ther Cavalry King ain't no good on ther back of a horse, fur he is."

The afternoon wore on, and the few inhabitants of the settlement got down to the regular routine of the life they were leading there.

It was pretty dull there, but our hero had promised to remain until the next morning, so he was going to do it.

Just before sunset, and as they had finished their evening meal, Lieutenant Harry Kircher rode back, bringing with him one dead and two badly wounded cavalrymen.

"We got the redskins," he said, as he dismounted in front of the store, "but it was a hard fight, for they led us in ambush, and one of the boys got his medicine. We did not leave one of them alive, though."

Wild was standing near by when the Cavalry King said this, but he did not venture to make a remark.

The wounded men were cared for, and then the cavalrymen had their supper.

"We will remain here over night," the lieutenant said. "In the morning we will ride over to the fort and report to Colonel Strothers, who is in command there. It looks as though we are goin' to have serious trouble with the Apaches, for there must be seventy or eighty of them hiding around somewhere. It is too bad that there are so few men at the fort."

"Well, you have got three good ones ter help yer out," spoke up one of the settlers. "What's ther matter with Young Wild West an' his pards?"

The Cavalry King shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

It was evident that he had no use for our hero, but he knew better than to say so.

Before it grew dark the eight men able to do duty, who belonged to the detachment, were looking around for whisky and a place to do a little gambling.

They were all young men, but it was evident that they had been leading pretty fast lives.

The lieutenant was of the same caliber as they, so that gave them the chance to violate the rules of the army.

The Cavalry King had made a name for himself through the capture of a noted Indian chief some months before, in which expert horsemanship played a prominent part, and since that time he had been affected with the complaint known as a "swelled head."

His humiliating defeat at the hands of Young Wild West had not served to make him feel very good; instead, all his bad nature came to the fore, and he was even then thinking of how he could get square with the dashing young Prince of the Saddle.

Wild was a pretty good judge of mankind in general, and he was not slow to put down the young man as one of the vengeful sort.

But he did not fear him in the least.

There were no charges that could be trumped up against him, since he was not in duty bound to act in accordance with the army regulations, so that means if the lieutenant intended to get square with him he would have to do it some other way.

Our hero could make it very unpleasant for the so-called Cavalry King if he chose to report what had happened at Forbes that day. But he was above doing mean things, so there was no danger of his doing that.

He decided to fight it out squarely with him, providing he looked for a chance to get square.

Not long after dark our friends were surprised to see the lieutenant coming to their camp.

He was accompanied by Ned Forbes, whom he had probably sought out for the purpose.

"Ther Cavalry King thought he had better come around an' have a little talk with yer afore he leaves fur ther fort, Young Wild West," said the old man, opening up the conversation. "He says he ain't got no hard feelin's against yer, an' that he don't want any misunderstandin' about ther report he's goin' ter make to ther colonel."

"Is that right, lieutenant?" Wild asked, looking the young officer in the eyes.

"Yes," was the reply. "That is about it."

"Well, you go ahead and make yóur report. I'll make mine when I get there, and I assure you that there won't be anything in it but what took place in the skirmish with the redskins. What happened after that has nothing to do with the case."

"I am glad to hear that. But I suppose you will claim the credit of saving the settlers?"

"Well, I will have to report that the Apaches were on the run before you showed up."

"Very well. Then I know just how to make out my report."

"Why, you knew how to make it before I said that, didn't you? You surely don't want to take the credit for something that you did not do? You are not that sort of a man, are you?"

"I have always been straight in all my acts and dealings, Young Wild West."

The Cavalry King spoke a little hotly.

"Áll right, then. There is no need of you asking me anything as to how you should make out your report. Go ahead and do it straight, the same as you say you have always done."

Wild turned and walked away, showing that the interview was at an end, as far as he cared.

The lieutenant flushed, and then, forcing a smile, bowed politely to the girls and took his departure.

Forbes did not go with him, but took a seat on a log near the lantern our friends had suspended from the limb of a tree to give them light.

"Ther Cavalry King is a funny sort of a jigger, ain't he?" he observed.

"Rather," answered our hero. "He simply wants to take the credit of driving away the Indians to-day, and I don't mean to let him."

"I hope he keeps away from here," spoke up Arietta. "He need not think we want any of his soft glances. He seems to have the opinion that he is a real ladies' man, I guess. If he tries to be too familiar with me he will find out that he has struck the wrong one. I would just as leave slap him in the face as not."

"Well, you know your own business in such matters. Et," answered Wild, with a smile. "If he goes it too strong just let me know, and then I guess he'll be rather late getting in his report to the colonel."

While the Cavalry King had called the attention of Young Wild West one of the inmates of the camp had sneaked away in the darkness. It was Hop Wah, as might be supposed.

Like the cavalrymen, the Celestial was eager to get something strong to drink, and to get into a game of poker, or some other gambling game.

Our hero now missed him for the first time.

"Where is Hop?" he asked, looking at the cook, who was about half asleep.

"Me no knowee," was the reply. "Me no see my blother go away. He go for some tanglefoot, allee samee maybe."

"More'n likely," spoke up the scout. "Well, I'll take a walk around an' hunt him up. I reckon there's somethin' goin' on in the place, anyhow. There's a poker game somewhere, an' I'll bet on it! Hop kin smell anything out like that."

Charlie walked away, and began searching about the little settlement.

He kept on till he got to a shed in the rear of the store.

He saw a light shining between the cracks of the boards that the shed was built of, and then he knew he had struck the right place.

Stepping up noiselessly, the scout reached the shed.

Placing his eye to a crack, he looked through and saw four of the cavalrymen and Hop inside.

The Chinaman had just got there, it seemed, and while

Charlie watched he pulled a black bottle from under his coat.

"Here um tanglefoot," he said. "Me buy flom um storekeeper. It velly goodee tanglefoot, so be."

The four soldiers were delighted, and they took turns at sampling the stuff.

"Ther heathen galoot is gittin' very liberal, I reckon," thought Charlie. "Well, he's only doin' it ter git in with them fellers. Ther first thing they know he will be winnin' what money they've got. That's what he's up ter, anyhow."

Charlie was right on this, for after they had all tasted the whisky Hop put away the bottle and pulled out a pack of cards.

"Me likee play lilllee dlaw pokee," he said, smiling blandly.

This was just what the men wanted to pass away the time.

None of them had any great amount of money, but they all had enough to play a little while, providing the ante was not too high.

Charlie remained silent and watched them.

Five minutes later they were all seated on the ground, with a box in the center of the circle they formed.

Then a game began with a rather small ante and limit.

Just as the five got interested who should walk into the shed but the lieutenant.

The cavalrymen welcomed him warmly, and throwing aside the dignity that belonged to him as their superior, he sat down and joined in the game.

CHAPTER V

THE POKER GAME WINDS UP IN A ROW.

Cheyenne Charlie watched the game for a few minutes, and then left the shed and went back to the camp.

"Did you find Hop, Charlie?" Wild asked him.

"Yes. Come on with me, an' I'll show him to yer."

The young deadshot looked interested.

"Where is he?" he queried, as he rose to his feet.

"He's playing poker with ther Cavalry King."

"What!"

"That's right. Come on; I'll show yer where they are."

"All right. I guess I'll go and see the game. Jim, I suppose you don't mind staying with the girls till we get back?"

"I would just as leave stay," replied Dart. "I have got a little mending to do to my bridle, anyhow, and I'll get at it and have done with it."

Our hero and the scout promptly left the camp and headed for the shed that was back of the store.

In a very few minutes their eyes were applied to the cracks and they were looking on the scene within.

It so happened that Lieutenant Kircher was just taking a drink from the Chinaman's bottle as they got there.

"Nothing very high-toned about him, eh, Charlie?" Wild whispered. "He don't mind drinking after the rest, not a bit."

"I reckon not," was the reply.

They could see the door of the shed almost opposite to where they were standing, and noticing that it was ajar, our hero decided to go around there, where they could watch what was going on better.

He knew that it would not be very long before Hop would get into some kind of a row with the cavalrymen, for he was bound to win their money, and they were likely to become suspicious of him after a while.

He touched the scout on the arm, and beckoned him to follow him.

Charlie nodded.

Then the two made their way softly around to the door.

The players only had one lantern.

It sat on the box, which was used as a table also.

Lieutenant Kircher was dealing the cards, and Hop, who sat on his left, put up the ante, which was twenty-five cents.

"You are a very lucky heathen," the lieutenant said, as he finished the deal. "You have won three pots in succession now, and it is about time someone else had some luck."

"You havee luck putty soonee, so be," was the reply.

They all came in on the ante, and then the cards were drawn.

Then a dollar, which was the limit in the game, was bet.

All dropped out but Hop and the Cavalry King.

The latter raised it another dollar.

The Chinaman smiled and went him one better.

Then, for the next five minutes it was raise after raise, and at length there was something like twenty dollars on the board.

"You've got to call me, or bet all you've got, John Chinaman," said Kircher. "I won't be bluffed, you know."

"Allee light; me velly solly lis um limit gamee; me gottee velly goodee hand, so be."

"Well, before we go any further, then, I'll make an outside bet with you."

"Allee light."

"I'll bet you fifty dollars that my hand beats yours."

Hop had the money out in no time.

Then the lieutenant saw the raise and went him one better.

They looked at each other for a moment in silence.

Kircher was getting nettled, but Hop was as serene as a summer morning.

Two or three more raises followed, and then, becoming tired of it, Kircher called Hop.

He laid down his hand and showed four kings as he did so, and then he reached for the money.

"Holdee on, so be!" exclaimed Hop. "Me gottee four lillee aces."

"What!"

Kircher looked surprised.

The Celestial showed his cards.

He raked in his winnings and smiled blandly at the Cavalry King.

"You are a swindler!" the crestfallen lieutenant cried, angrily.

"Me no cheatee," protested Hop. "You havee cards under you, allee samee; you takee out and makee four kings. You allee samee cheatee!"

"You lying heathen!" roared the Cavalry King. "Hand over that money or I'll put a bullet in you!"

Hop grew frightened and sprang to his feet.

The lieutenant drew his heavy revolver and acted as though he really meant to use it.

At this juncture Young Wild West stepped into the shed, followed by Cheyenne Charlie.

"Put up your shooter, Kircher," the boy said, calmly. "I guess you are not going to hurt the Chinaman, not while I am around, anyhow. This is a fine thing for a cavalry officer to do, isn't it? You had better look out or you'll lose your shoulder-straps."

All of the gamblers but Hop were greatly amazed at the unexpected interruption.

The Celestial's expression of fear turned to a broad grin, and folding his arms he looked on serenely.

"You young——"

That was as far as the Cavalry King got.

He meant to call Wild a bad name, but the boy's fist shot out and caught him on the nose before he fairly got the words to his lips.

He staggered back and fell over the box, upsetting it and breaking the lantern, which became extinguished, leaving them in the dark.

Crack!

A shot rang out, and Cheyenne Charlie heard the hum of a bullet as it sped past his ear.

Young Wild West dropped low, and butted headlong into the bunch.

His right and left fist shot out several times in quick succession, and the cavalymen went rolling upon each other.

Charlie caught him by the arm and pulled him outside.

"Hop is out," he said. "I reckon there ain't no use of goin' it in'ther dark, when you're liable ter git a bullet or a knife in ther dark."

"That's right, Charlie," was the reply. "But I am going to thrash the whole five of them before they leave the settlement. They can have it done to-night, or they can wait till morning, just as they see fit."

Not one of the men attempted to come out of the shed.

"It was that galoot of a corporal what fired that shot at me," said Charlie. "I know it was, fur he pulled his shooter afore ther light went out. Jest wait till I git a

chance at him! I'll lick him till he wishes he never tried ter shoot a man in ther dark!"

They waited outside a few minutes, but finding that the Cavalry King and his men were not coming out, they walked slowly for the camp.

Hop had gone on ahead of them, and when they got there they found him sitting with his back against a tree, just as though he had not been away.

"What happened over there, Wild?" Jim Dart asked. "I can't get anything out of Hop."

"Oh, there was a little game of draw poker going on in the shed back of the store, and a row started. Hop was in danger of losing his life, I guess, so we interfered. The Cavalry King was one of the players in the game, and it was he who started the row. He is a fine specimen of an army officer, I should say."

Then he related just what had occurred.

"I am not surprised much to hear this," observed Arietta. "I did not like the looks of that lieutenant much the first time I saw him. He may have distinguished himself by some act of bravery, and then got the nickname of the Cavalry King, but he is no good, for all that. His bad qualities will show up more and more now, since he has run up against a snag in you, Wild. If he don't have it the way he wants it he will throw off his mask in earnest."

"Well, I am not going to be the means of getting him into trouble with the colonel at the fort unless he compels me to. I would rather fight it out with him and give him a show to take a turn for the good. He is like a great many people in this world. So long as they have their way they will be all right, but just let someone go against them, no matter how good the cause is for such an action, and they lose their heads and show up in their true light. The Cavalry King is nothing more than a big bag of wind, who has just nerve enough and luck enough to get ahead and fool his superiors. He is very popular with the men he commands, for the reason that he mingles with them and puts himself on the same level with them. The idea of a lieutenant in the army playing poker with a corporal and some of his privates in an old shed! And drinking a Chinaman's whisky, too!"

"He likee um tanglefoot, allee samee," spoke up Hop, with a broad grin. "Me afford to tleat, allee light."

"Yes, I reckon you could afford it," answered the scout. "Yer must have come away with seventy or eighty dollars, all right."

"Lat velly muchee thue, Mislér Charlie," was the reply. "Me pay um storekeeper four dollee for um bottle of tanglefoot, and we win allee samee seventy-eight dollee. Me allee samee velly smartee Chinee."

The cavalymen were camped over two hundred yards from the spot where our friends were stopping.

After a while Wild and Charlie took a walk over that way.

Neither the lieutenant nor the others who had been in the game were there.

The young deadshot concluded to wait till morning to have it out with them.

So they went back to the camp, and a little later they all turned in, not thinking it worth while to keep a watch, since they were right close to one of the cabins of the settlers.

They were not disturbed during the night, and when the sun arose in the morning they were up and stirring.

They could not see the camp of the cavalrymen from where they were, but none of them had any idea that they would leave so very early.

What was their surprise, then, when Ned Forbes came along a few minutes later, and informed them that the Cavalry King and his eight men who were able to do duty had left at daylight for Fort Apache.

"They went away to escape the thrashing I promised them, Charlie," said Wild, turning to the scout.

"I reckon that's what's ther matter," was the reply. "Well, I'll have it out with that corporal when we git to ther fort. It makes no difference who tries ter stop it, either."

They got ready to go as soon as they had breakfasted, and then Wild told Ned Forbes that he would advise the guard the settlement against another attack from the red-colonel at the fort to send over a small detachment to skins until the trouble was over.

"It may not be necessary," he added, "for it is quite likely that one or more of the Apaches got away from the Cavalry King, and if that is the case the rest of the rebeling gang will know that the soldiers are after them, and they will be apt to get a little further away from the fort."

The young deadshot did not seem to be at all afraid to ride to the fort with the girls in the party.

They were taking a chance, he knew, for there was no telling just when a band of hostiles might appear.

But it would have to be a pretty big band to get the best of them, providing they were not ambushed.

They took the trail of the cavalrymen, after bidding good-by to the settlers, and assuring them they would stop if they came back that way, they rode away.

Wild knew they could easily make the fort by noon, even if they did have to proceed rather slow, on account of the pack-horses.

It was just about half an hour before noon when they came in sight of the fort, with its three big guns looming up grimly, after covering the entire distance without meeting a human being.

Young Wild West rode directly to the quarters of the colonel in command when they came into the little village.

He had met Colonel Strothers a couple of times before, and he knew he would be well received.

The colonel shook hands cordially with him, and then turned to Charlie and Jim, and greeted them in the same way.

The girls were introduced then, and a short conversation followed.

Wild followed the colonel inside his house a few minutes later, and the officer looked at him keenly and said:

"What is the trouble between you and the Cavalry King?"

"Didn't he tell you?" replied the boy, warily.

"Well, he said he had made an enemy of you because he had assisted in driving off the Apaches when they were attacking the settlement down the river."

"Well, Colonel Strothers, if he said that he is mistaken, for I am not the one to get mad when anyone renders me assistance."

"Ah! I thought that!" exclaimed the colonel. "Kircher made a mistake in you."

"He certainly did, colonel. He never assisted me in driving away the Apaches. He arrived too late for that."

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLIE STARTS TO GET SQUARE WITH THE CORPORAL, AND SO DOES HOP.

Colonel Strothers looked at Young Wild West in amazement.

"What is that you say?" he cried. "Kircher did not arrive in time to help defeat the Apaches?"

"No, colonel, he did not get there in time. My partners and I had them on the run when the bugle sounded. It wasn't much of a task, anyhow, as the settlers were firing at them with telling effect when we took a hand in the game. We dropped quite a few of them, and then the rest rode for their lives. Lieutenant Kircher said he caught the rest of them that afternoon, though, so that wipes out that particular band."

"Um," and the colonel looked thoughtful. "Well, suppose you report your version of the whole affair?"

"I have already told you about all, sir."

"Well, give it in detail, please."

Wild did so, not saying a word about anything that happened after the arrival of the detachment of cavalry.

The colonel took it all in with interest.

"Young Wild West," he said, after a minute or so of thought, "I have always found you to be as square as they make them, and strictly truthful; I believe what you have told me."

"Why should you disbelieve me, colonel?" asked the young deadshot, his eyes flashing.

"Don't say any more, Wild."

The colonel called him by his nickname now, and threw out his hand persuasively.

"All right, then. I guess your Cavalry King has been giving you a ghost story. I saw enough of him to know that he likes notoriety and praise. But, colonel, I don't care any more for Lieutenant Harry Kircher than I do for a lame coyote! So long as he minds his own business and does not interfere with me or anyone in my party, he will

be all right. But just let him go to meddling, or lying about me, and he will be apt to take a good thrashing. That's me, every time, Colonel Strothers!"

This was a rather daring way to talk to the commander of a frontier fort, but it made no difference to the dashing young Prince of the Saddle.

What he thought he generally said, no matter where he was, or to whom he was talking.

He knew that he had plenty of good men in the army to see him through, in case charges were made against him for misconduct.

And he also knew that Colonel Strothers was a broad-minded man, who was always willing to reason out things.

"Say no more, Wild. I will have another talk with you this afternoon, and listen to your advice regarding the Apaches that are still at large.

This meant that the interview was at an end.

Wild walked out of the house and returned to his companions.

They had selected a place to pitch their camp, which was in a vacant spot adjoining the store.

"Well, how about it?" asked Jim. "I'll bet, by the looks of you, that the lieutenant gave in a report that was all to his credit."

"Just as sure as you live he did!" was the retort.

"Did yer straighten it out, Wild?" the scout asked.

"Well, I told all we knew about the attack, and what happened after we took part in it."

"An' did yer tell ther colonel what a measly coyote that galoot what calls himself ther Cavalry King is?"

"No; not a word."

"Well, you're different from what I would be in a case like that."

"Oh, the chances are that the colonel will find out about the fellow himself. I guess he has got a small suspicion now. But never mind! This thing will come out all right, the same as everything we get mixed up in does."

"Well, I want ter have it out with that corporal, all right. I ain't goin' ter allow a galoot like him ter shoot at me without tryin' ter git a little satisfaction fur it. I'll see him some time to-day, an' yer kin bet on it."

Wing, the cook, was already engaged in getting the noonday meal ready, and as they had eaten a very early breakfast all hands were bound to do justice to the meal when it was ready.

They saw nothing of the cavalymen who had left Forbes ahead of them, though there were several others about the fort.

Wild had a talk with the captain who was over Lieutenant Kircher just before the dinner was ready.

He learned from him that the Cavalry King was a very popular officer at the fort, and that he was supposed to be the champion horseman of the Eighth Cavalry.

"We have contests here every two or three weeks," he added, "and Kircher always wins the laurels. He has the fastest horse I ever saw, and, as he knows how to ride so well, he easily wins every race he goes in."

"Yes, I have an idea that his horse is a mighty good one. I saw him run yesterday. The lieutenant has him well trained, too."

The captain had never seen Wild before, and it just happened that he had heard very little about him.

He did not know that he was called the Prince of the Saddle, and that his sorrel stallion had never been equaled in a race where speed and endurance counted.

Wild was satisfied when the captain went away that he really thought that Lieutenant Harry Kircher was a genuine "Cavalry King."

"I would like to get a chance to ride a race with him," he said to his friends, as they sat down to eat the dinner that was ready. "I am not afraid to put myself against him, but I would like to find out how Spitfire would make out with his horse. I don't know, but I feel confident that Spitfire can beat him. If he don't it will be the first one he ever tried that he didn't."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, curling his lip. "You know very well that ther galoot ain't up ter you, Wild. Yer double-discounted him yisterday in horsemanship when yer disarmed him in ther duel. He's got a mighty good horse, an' there's no use tryin' ter rub it out; but he can't come up ter Spitfire. If yer git in a race with ther Cavalry King I'll bet all I'm worth that you'll win out."

"If I don't win it won't be because I haven't got a good horse, and do not try."

They ate their dinner, and just as they were through a detachment of cavalry came in, bringing with them some fifty-odd Apache prisoners.

Then the news soon spread about the fort that the rebellion among the Apaches had been crushed.

This was good news, and soon everybody that belonged at the fort was rejoicing over it.

"Well, boys, I guess if that report is true we won't have much to do around here," said Wild to his partners, as they stood looking at the redskin prisoners."

"Well, we kin go on ter ther diggin's an' hunt fur a gold mine, then," answered the scout, shrugging his shoulders. "If it ain't Injuns it's always somethin' else ter tackle."

"Oh, Wild will find something in the line of excitement, you can bet on that!" Dart exclaimed. "He won't keep idle long."

"I guess you have no desire to keep that way yourself, Jim," our hero answered, with a laugh.

"No, but that is because I have been with you so much. I have learned to be about as near like you as one fellow can get to another. I'm mighty proud to say it, too."

While they were talking they found Hop Wah walking about close to the prisoners.

The Chinaman was sizing them up carefully, as though he wanted to get a good look at them.

"What are you up ter, yer yaller heathen?" the scout called out.

"Me wantee gittee allee samee 'quaintee, so be; len me knowee um ledskins when me see some timee putty soon," was the reply.

"Oh, you think you'll see 'em agin, then?"

"Yes, ley allee samee go on um warpath putty quickee, when um be goodee lillee while."

"I reckon you've got that right."

Hop now paused before an ugly-looking old brave, who had his arm in a sling as the result of the fight with the cavalry.

"Whattée your name?" he asked, smiling pleasantly at the Apache.

"Ugh!" grunted the prisoner.

"Ugh!" said Hop.

"Yellow Face heap much fool!" declared the Apache.

"Ledskin allee samee velly nicee man, so be," answered Hop, returning good for evil.

"Waugh!"

"Hip hi!"

Then the Chinaman gave an imitation of the Indian war dance.

"That galoot has got ter be doin' somethin' funny almost all ther time, it seems," observed Cheyenne Charlie. "Ther first thing he knows that redskin will give him a kick in ther ribs. I kin see he's only waitin' ter git ther chance."

Charlie was right.

As Hop danced up close to the brave a moccasined foot suddenly shot out.

But if the scout had known what he wanted to do, so did Hop, for he stepped nimbly aside, and caught the redskin's ankle very neatly.

A quick twist and the Apache lay on his back.

At this juncture a cavalryman dashed up.

It was Corporal Springs, the man who had shot at the scout in the dark the night before.

He had been detailed to watch the prisoners until they could be placed in the quarters that were being made ready.

He struck the Chinaman a blow on the chest with his clenched fist and sent him reeling.

"Get away from here," he commanded, savagely. "No fooling with the prisoners."

"Shet up, you sneakin' coyote!" spoke up Cheyenne Charlie, who now decided that it was a good time to have it out with him. "I'm goin' ter give yer a lickin' fur shootin' at me last night! Jest git yourself in shape."

The corporal turned pale at this.

It was very evident that he had not believed that the scout knew who it was that fired the shot in the shed the night before.

But there was no mistaking the manner of the man who told him to get himself in shape.

"I'll report you for interfering with the duties of an officer," he exclaimed, as soon as he found the use of his tongue. "You let me be, you hear!"

"I'll let yer be—when I git done with yer, yer measly coyote!"

Biff!

Charlie let go at him, and knocked him flat on his back.

Wild saw that there might be a serious difficulty arise, so he sprang forward and took Charlie by the arm.

"Wait until he is off duty," he said, persuasively. "If you don't we will have to explain the whole thing that happened last night, and I don't want to do that."

The scout reluctantly stepped back.

Corporal Springs got upon his feet, his face almost black with rage.

"You will suffer for this!" he hissed. "Just wait till to-night!"

"All right; he will wait," our hero answered. "Just see to it that you show up to have it out."

The villainous corporal shook his sword at Charlie.

But he said no more just then, for the soldiers he was in charge of came along.

The Indians had seen the fellow get knocked down, and they looked on, showing more interest than they usually did at what was taking place around them.

Wild led the scout away.

Hop, who had not been hurt a bit by the rascally corporal, remained right there and continued watching the Indians, and the man who had knocked him over, as well.

Hop was like Cheyenne Charlie; he wanted satisfaction.

But he did not mean to fight it out with his fists, though.

"Me velly solly me makee you allee samee mad," he said, looking at the man and smiling, innocently.

Springs was surprised.

"Me likee 'pologize, so be," went on Hop, stepping up closer.

The expression of the corporal's face softened.

"You 'allee samee gleat soldier, so be."

"All right," was the rejoinder. "I accept your apology. You want to be more careful next time."

"Me velly, velly solly. You havee nicee cigar, and when you smokee you know um poor Chineé feel solly, so be. Me likee you, nicee Melican soldier."

Corporal Springs reached out and accepted the cigar, which was one of Mexican make, by the looks of it, and fully six inches in length.

"I'll smoke it when I get off duty to-night, heathen," he said, nodding stiffly.

"Allee light," was the bland reply. "Now me feelee better."

Then Hop walked away, satisfied that he was well on the road to getting square with the villainous man.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLIE AND HOP GET SQUARE.

During the afternoon Young Wild West had a talk with the colonel, and from what our hero learned from him,

the last of the rebelling Apaches had really been caught. "Well, I guess we'll go on about our business to-morrow morning, then," the young deadshot said. "There is nothing to keep us here, and we like to be on the move, you know. We are always looking for new adventures, even if the scenes are old."

"I see," replied the colonel. "You are never satisfied unless you are running into some sort of danger. What have you on the carpet after you leave here?"

"Nothing. What happens will have to turn up unexpectedly. We will take the trail for the nearest mining camp. There is always something going on at one of those kind of places. We will drift on down to Phoenix and do a little business at the bank there; but there is no telling how soon we will get there. It all depends on what happens on the way."

"Yes, I suppose. But suppose you remain here to-morrow, Wild? I guess the boys want to make a sort of holiday of it to celebrate the capture of the Apaches. I believe in letting them enjoy themselves on such occasions. I never was one to be hard on the men. They certainly lead lonesome lives of it out in this wild part of the country. It is well to let them have a little sport now and then. Captain Aker, of the Eighth, was speaking about it to me a little while ago, and I told him I would let him know. It might be a pleasant diversion to the young ladies to see the boys at their sports. Of course we will have a cavalry drill along with it, and that ought to interest you and your partners. You are all expert in horsemanship."

"Yes, it will interest us, colonel," Wild answered, thinking of the Cavalry King. "I for one will be glad to remain over to-morrow. I know the rest will, too, for they always seem to feel the same as I do on such matters."

"Good! I will inform Captain Aker that he has my consent to go ahead and arrange for the holiday."

When Wild came back and told his friends what was up they were all much pleased.

They all thought of the Cavalry King right away.

"Perhaps you will get a chance to have a race with the rascally lieutenant, Wild," Arietta said.

"That's what I was thinking about, Et," was the reply.

"Me allee samee gittee chance to showee velly nicee lillee magic tlick, too, so be," spoke up Hop, who was taking in the conversation, as usual.

"The chances are that you will, Hop," Wild nodded. "I'll speak to the colonel about it."

The Celestial's face became wreathed in smiles right away.

He was never happier than when he was showing off what he could do in the way of mystifying his fellow-beings.

Just as the cook was thinking about starting the preparations for supper a messenger from the quarters of Colonel Strothers came to them.

He bore an invitation from the colonel to eat dinner

with him at six o'clock, so Wild thought they could do nothing more than accept.

He sent the messenger back with his reply, and then Wing was informed that all he had to cook for that evening would be his brother and himself.

"American colonels don't invite Chinamen to dinners, as a rule," said Anna, laughing at the two.

"Me no care, so be," answered Wing.

"Me velly muchee pleasee to stay here, so be," Hop added, and he acted as though he spoke the truth.

Shortly before six they all went to the colonel's quarters and were admitted by his wife and daughter, who lived with him at the substantial house connected with the fort.

Our friends could not have been treated better if they had been some of the heads of the government.

Young Wild West was very popular with the army officers throughout the West, for he had rendered such good service in putting down the different uprisings of the Indians that they could not forget him.

It was a very pleasant hour that they spent at the table of Colonel Strothers.

The conversation drifted to various topics, and finally settled down to what was going to take place on the morrow.

"I have told Captain Aker to ask you to give an exhibition of your wonderful shooting, Wild," the colonel said, with a smile. "Few of the men here have ever seen you shoot, and it will do them good to have a look at you. I suppose you will oblige?"

"Certainly," replied the young deadshot.

"And how about you, Miss Arietta? Would you mind showing them what you can do with a rifle?"

"I won't mind in the least," replied the girl. "I keep in practice pretty good, and I have a few fancy shots I can make. I will do all I can to make the holiday a success."

The colonel's wife and daughter were as much pleased as he was at this.

They both knew how to handle firearms, but, like the most of their sex, they were anything but experts.

It was just about dark when they left the company of the colonel and his family and went back to the camp.

As they got there Wild noticed that Hop was just leaving.

"Where are you going?" he asked, as he stepped up and touched him on the shoulder.

"Me go see lillee fun," was the reply.

"Where to?"

"Over lere," and he pointed to the barracks.

"What is it, Hop?" asked Wild, wondering what could draw the Celestial there. "It isn't poker, is it?"

"No, Mislerr Wild," and the Chinaman grinned. "Um corporal gittee off putty soonee, so be, and len he smooke nicee lillee cigar me givee him."

"Oh, I see."

"Me gittee square, allee samee."

Our hero laughed.

"Has the cigar got gunpowder in it?" he queried.

"No; me fixee um cigar allee samee Loman candle, so be."

"Is that so? I guess I'll have to see the fun, then. You go on; we'll follow you."

The barracks were not very far away.

Some of the men and minor officers were already to be seen lounging about and smoking.

Before Hop got there who should come out but the very man they were looking for.

When he saw Cheyenne Charlie looking at him he hesitated.

He had just lighted a cigar and was puffing on it, contentedly.

But the sight of the scout made him feel uneasy, and he began chewing it, nervously.

As there was an oil lamp right where he stood, our friends could see every move he made.

Presently Captain Aker and Lieutenant Kircher came along.

They paused near the corporal, who at once put on a more easy style, no doubt feeling that he was safe from Cheyenne Charlie so long as they were close by.

He gave an extra puff at the cigar, which was the one Hop had given him, and braced himself back in style.

Sizz—bang!

A small stream of sparks came from the end of the cigar, followed by a ball of green light.

The corporal had the cigar between his teeth, in the center of his mouth at the time, and before he could drop it a small red ball of fire shot from it and struck the lieutenant square in the breast.

A cry came from the man's lips, and, dropping the cigar, he got out of the way.

Sizz—bang! Sizz—bang!

A red ball, followed quickly by a yellow one, left the cigar, as it hopped over the ground like a thing of life.

The captain placed his hands to his sides and let out a laugh that was loud and long.

He understood what was the matter right away.

"A trick cigar!" he exclaimed. "Did it hurt you, Kircher?"

"No—no, not much, I guess," was the rejoinder. "But what do you suppose made it?"

"Oh, somebody has played a trick on the corporal. Who gave you that cigar. Springs?"

"Young Wild West's Chinaman," came the truthful reply. "I—I am very sorry, lieutenant; and I did not know there was anything wrong about the cigar. I'll kill that Chinaman if I get hold of him."

While the fun was going on our hero and his partners were walking that way, followed by Hop.

The first thing the corporal knew the Chinaman, who had given him the cigar, was standing right before him.

"Velly nicee smokee, so be," observed Hop, pleasantly.

"Allee samee lillee Fourth of July, so be."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the captain, who regarded it as a very funny incident.

But the Cavalry King and the corporal did not see it that way.

They both turned on their heels and started to walk away.

"Hold on, corporal!" called out Cheyenne Charlie. "I reckon me an' you had better settle ther difficulty that's between us. You ain't on duty now, an' there couldn't be no better time."

"What does he want?" asked Kircher, taking the corporal by the arm and pulling him back.

"He—he wants to fight, I guess," was the reply.

"Fight? Why, what for?"

"I reckon you know all right, you slick-lookin' galoot," the scout hastened to say.

"There will be no fighting here," spoke up Captain Aker. "If there is any grievance to be settled go off where you can't be seen. But don't try it here."

"Come on, then, corporal!" cried Charlie, who was more than willing to get at the villainous fellow who had tried to kill him in the dark.

If it had not been that Young Wild West was there it is likely that the captain would have taken an altogether different view of the matter; but seeing that the boy was interested, he permitted them to walk around behind the barracks.

It was plain that the corporal did not want to fight, but a few whispered words from the lieutenant served to brace him up somewhat.

"What is it about?" Captain Aker asked Wild, as he walked at his side.

"Oh, they had a little misunderstanding last night over at Forbes' Settlement," our hero answered. "I think it is best to let them have it out."

"Well, if you think so, let them go ahead. But the corporal does not act much as though he wanted to fight."

"He's got a prompter; maybe that will help him along."

"You mean his superior officer?"

"Yes, the Cavalry King."

"He understands what it is about, then?"

"Yes, he knows all about it."

"Well, I will see it through, along with you. I know you always believe in fair play. Your partner is a little taller and more active than the corporal, and he may get the best of it."

"Oh, there isn't any doubt that he will get the best of it. Captain, I will say this much, and that is that Corporal Springs deserves a good thrashing."

"Won't you tell me what caused the trouble between them?"

"Not just now, captain."

The officer bit his lip.

By this time they were behind the long building that was called the barracks.

A few cavalrymen had been attracted there by seeing the brief fireworks exhibition, and they were allowed to stand and watch what was going on.

The corporal put on a very bold air now and pulled off his coat.

Cheyenne Charlie was in his shirt-sleeves, so he was all ready for the fray.

"What is it to be?" asked the Cavalry King, looking at Wild; "a square fist fight?"

"Yes, that will do, I guess," was the reply. "After they get through we can have another bout, if you like."

The captain looked more interested than ever.

Kircher paid no attention to the last remark our hero made.

"A square stand-up fight, Springs," he said. "Go in and win."

The next minute the two men faced each other, while Hop kindly held a lantern, which he took without asking for it, so they could see what they were doing.

"Are yer ready, yer measly coyote?" the scout asked.

"Yes," came the reply, and then with remarkable quickness, the corporal hit him a blow on the cheek that staggered him.

The fight was on and Captain Aker became as interested as any of the spectators.

Charlie never fought with any degree of coolness.

It was not his nature.

But when he swung himself loose he was all there, and the way he went at the corporal was a caution to snakes, as he afterward said.

In just about a minute he had his foe lying on his back, with a pair of swollen eyes and in a semi-conscious condition.

"Whoopee!" he shouted, dancing about. "I kin lick my weight in wilcats!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAVALRY KING SHOWS WHAT HE IS.

The Cavalry King left the scene the moment he saw that Corporal Springs was worsted in the brief fight.

Wild saw him going, and, satisfied that he was nothing more than a coward, he let him go.

"Don't make so much noise, Charlie," he said, as the scout let out another yell. "There is no need of letting everyone at the fort know about this."

"All right, Wild," was the retort. "I licked ther galoot all right, an' now if he tries another shot at me, an' happens ter miss, I'm goin' ter let daylight through him!"

"Tries another shot at you? Why, did he ever shoot at you?" asked Captain Aker, in surprise.

"Don't mind what he says, captain," spoke up our hero. "Charlie is a little excited."

"I may be excited, but if that galoot ever draws a gun on me he'll go down, as sure as anything!" cried the scout.

Jim now caught him by the arm and led him away.

A crowd was gathering, so the captain disappeared himself.

Meanwhile the Cavalry King was hastening to his quarters.

The young man was in anything but a pleasant and easy frame of mind.

"I guess my bad luck has begun," he muttered, as he went inside his quarters. "I've been mighty lucky right along, and I thought I was in a fair way to get further ahead. But now this Young Wild West comes along to spoil it all. But he's got to be a good one to get the best of me. I'll fix him, and at the same time do a good turn for myself. I am in need of money quite badly. The colonel failed to lock the safe in his office to-night, and I know it. I saw him in there, and when he was called by his wife he went out hurriedly and locked the door of the office, but neglected to turn the knob on the door of the safe. I'll rob that safe this very night, and I'll place the blame on Young Wild West. That will settle the game. I'll get the money and Young Wild West can have the papers, and whatever else there may be of value in the safe, and the blame besides. Oh, revenge is sweet!"

The Cavalry King certainly was getting to be a desperate villain, or no such plans as this would be running through his head.

But the fact was that he had attained the rank of lieutenant by good luck and skillful engineering more than by his real merits.

He had a way of getting his subordinates to help him along by swearing to brilliant things that he had never done.

Possessing a fair education, and being a good schemer, he worked it for all he was worth, and he was now thought considerable of by the officers of the command.

It was the rank and file that knew him best, however, but as he always treated them well and allowed them all sorts of privileges when it was in his power to do so, he had the majority of them with him.

Kircher sat down and thought the matter over.

He was all alone, as he wanted to be, and the more he thought the more he felt that he must rob the colonel and fix the blame on Young Wild West.

He knew he could manage to force an entrance to the office of the commander of the fort, but how was he to fix it so the crime might be placed on Young Wild West?

That would be a risky thing to accomplish, but he felt that he was able to do it.

If he succeeded in robbing the colonel it would not be the first theft he was guilty of.

Only a week before he had stolen over a hundred dollars from the captain of his troop, and so clever had he been that he was never once thought of as being the guilty party.

The captain had come to the conclusion that he must have lost the money accidentally.

It is not a pleasant thing to do to write about a young

army officer in this way, but the Cavalry King was anything but what he should be, and what the most of his acquaintances thought he was, and he hated our hero.

These reasons are sufficient for us to go ahead and chronicle the young villain's doings.

Kircher retired early that night.

He did not have to go on duty until eight in the morning, and then it was only to attend the roll-call of the officers, for it was to be a holiday.

Whether he slept well or not is not known, but in the neighborhood of two o'clock in the early morning he arose and left the building and crept softly into the darkness.

It was easy for him to elude the guards, and in a short time he was at the rear window of the colonel's private office.

He knew very well that Young Wild West had been twice in that office since his arrival at the fort, and that made him think that he was all the more sure of accomplishing his purpose.

If it was easy for him to get to the window it was still easier for him to pry it open.

This done, he crawled into the room and then paused to listen.

All was still throughout the building.

Kircher gave a nod and breathed a muttered exclamation of satisfaction.

Then he softly approached the old-fashioned safe that stood in a corner next to the colonel's desk.

It was dark, but he knew just where it was and in a few seconds his hand gripped the knob of the iron door.

He turned it and found it was as he thought, unlocked.

Knowing it was not safe to strike a light, he felt inside and opened a drawer.

In it was a watch and chain and some other jewelry.

The villain quickly removed it and placed it all in his pocket.

Then he tried another draw.

As it opened he felt in it and found it contained money in gold and bills.

The bills were lying flat and held together with an elastic band.

Kircher knew they were bills, even though it was dark.

There is something about money that a person can tell in the dark, it seems.

The notes and gold went into another pocket.

Then he closed the door softly and turned the knob.

"Now I'll lock it," he thought, "and the colonel will think he did it. That will make it appear as though the theft was committed some time during the day. Oh, but I will have my revenge all right, and I'll gain a few hundreds in money at the same time. Young Wild West shall have the watch and jewelry for his share of the spoils. Oh, but revenge is sweet!"

With the same stealth he had used in getting into the office he left it, carefully closing the window after him.

Once outside, he waited until he got the chance and then hastened away.

"Now comes the hardest part of it," he muttered. "How am I to get the watch and jewelry in the possession of Young Wild West? But it must be done! If I am to put the blame on him it must be done."

He cautiously made his way around and was soon near the camp of our friends.

All was still.

The moon was now up, and by its mellow light he could see the two white tents almost as plainly as though it were daylight.

Convincing himself that there was no one doing guard duty, he crept right up to the tents.

It was a very warm night and one of them had the canvas lifted well up from the ground.

As the Cavalry King peered in the first object he discerned was the form of a sleeping Chinaman.

Then he got around a little and could distinguish the rest.

But he knew it would never do for him to touch one of them.

He was at a loss just what to do until his eyes lighted upon the fancy buckskin hunting coat that our hero wore when it was not too warm.

It was lying half folded on a saddle right at the side of the tent that was open.

Kircher knew that the saddle must belong to the boy, or his coat would not be lying upon it, since he saw that the other saddles each had garments lying upon them.

He soon made up his mind what to do.

Nerving himself, the villain slipped the jewelry, which consisted of three or four rings and a lady's brooch, into one of the pockets of the coat.

Then he opened the saddle-bags and slipped in the watch, taking good care to buckle them the same as they were when he laid hands upon them.

Elated at his success, the scoundrel crept away.

He felt sure that he had accomplished his foul purpose.

Back to his quarters he made his way, all unconscious of the fact that a sharp pair of eyes had been watching almost every movement he made since he first came to the window of the colonel's office.

The eyes belonged to no less a person than Hop Wah.

The clever Chinaman had slipped away from the camp shortly after ten o'clock that night, his purpose being to find someone to gamble with him.

He had little trouble in finding three of the cavalrymen who were very glad to accommodate him.

The game had lasted well into the morning, and when Hop left them he had all the money they had possessed.

But this was not so very much, for few privates in the army carry very large sums of money.

They don't make it, in the first place, and in the second, they would hardly keep it about them if they did.

Hop had caught sight of the sneaking form of the lieutenant as he was creeping around the house occupied by the colonel for the purpose of eluding the vigilance of the guards, as he had been told to do.

Seeing a man raising a window was enough to make the Chinaman pause and see what was up.

When he saw him crawl through he made up his mind that something was wrong, so he got up close and waited to see what the outcome would be.

When the rascally Cavalry King came out and carefully closed the window, Hop recognized him.

He gave a nod of satisfaction, for he did not like the man, anyhow, and it was pleasing to him to find out that he was up to some wrongdoing.

But if Hop had been surprised to see the lieutenant enter the colonel's office by means of the window, he was more so when he found him stealing toward Young Wild West's camp.

"Me findee out, so be," he thought. "Me no likee allee samee foolish business, so be."

When he saw the villain crawling up to the tents Hop thought at first that he meant to commit murder.

But as he got up very close to him, and saw that he had no weapon in his hand, he made up his mind that he was there for some other purpose.

He drew his big revolver and held it in readiness to fire at the least move the man might make toward injuring any of the sleepers.

But nothing like that happened, and when he saw him put something in the coat and saddle-bags belonging to Wild Hop began to understand what it all was about.

"Um Cavalry King allee samee stealee; makee believe Misler Wild stealee, so be. Me undelstand; Misler Cavalry King allee samee velly muchee bad man, but makee bigee mistake."

He decided to let him go on, and when Kircher left the camp Hop followed him until he saw him go to his quarters.

Then the clever Chinaman went back and crept into the tent and lay down beside his brother, just as though nothing had happened.

He was soon sound asleep, for Hop was not one of the sort to lie awake studying over things.

In the morning he would tell Wild all about it and then he would be considered a very smart Chinaman, he knew.

When Hop awoke it was because a cupful of water was dashed in his face.

He started up and saw the grinning face of Cheyenne Charlie near by.

If he had not seen him so close to him he would have laid it to him, for no one else ever did such things.

"Git up, yer lazy galoot!" cried the scout. "Wing wants ter git ther plates an' cups washed up. We've all had breakfast but you."

"Allee light, Misler Charlie, but me no likee washee before me gittee 'wakee, so be. Me gittee square, allee samee."

Hop was not a little angered at the scout for the time being, and he forgot all about the happenings of the early morning.

It was not until he had finished his breakfast, and saw

Wild getting ready to give his horse a little exercise, that he thought about it.

Then he quickly ran up to him and said:

"Misler Wild, me likee tellee somet'ing velly muchee gleat."

"All right, Hop," was the reply; "go on and tell me."

"Um Cavalry King tly makee believe you um thief, so be."

Young Wild West gave a start.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COLONEL FINDS OUT ABOUT THE THEFT.

"What's that, Hop?" Cheyenne Charlie asked, as he heard the words of the Chinaman.

He was standing right near, and he could not help hearing them, though they were spoken in a low tone of voice.

"Don't get excited, Charlie," admonished Wild. "It is I who is the victim of this game. Hop, just tell all that you know now."

"Me havee velly funny timee last night, so be," said Hop, shaking his head.

"Well, tell us how the Cavalry King is trying to make a chief of me."

"Me tellee putty quickee, so be."

Then, in his own slow and peculiar way, he told all he had seen after he had sneaked away from the camp the night before.

"Whew!" exclaimed our hero. "That is about the worst yet, I should say. I guess I will see what he put in my coat pocket right away."

He went to the coat, which he had hung on a pole after taking the saddle from under it, and quickly made a search through the pockets.

The rings and brooch were discovered right away.

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Young Wild West. "He thinks he has done a very clever thing. Wants to make me out a thief in the eyes of the colonel, and everyone else. Hop, I am very glad you went out last night in search of a poker game."

Arietta wanted to know all about it, and so did Anna and Eloise.

They were soon made acquainted with the facts in the case.

Then Wild went to the saddle, which he had on his horse, ready to mount and ride out for a little exercise.

They all followed him, for Hop had said that it was the colonel's watch that the scoundrel had put in the saddle-bags.

In a very short time the dashing young deadshot brought it out.

"This is quite a nice time-piece," he said, coolly. "It is valued at a couple of hundred, all right."

"To think that an officer of the army, and one who

takes pride in being called the Cavalry King, should do such a vile act!" Eloise exclaimed.

"There are some people who will do almost anything, and Lieutenant Kircher is one of them," Jim answered. "It is all because he got jealous of Wild for beating him to the settlement and driving away the redskins. That was a small thing to get mad about, but that was what started the whole thing."

"You are right, Jim," Wild observed. "It was a mighty small thing, but that is the cause of it all. It is going to be the cause of the lieutenant losing his shoulder-straps and being disgraced forever. But I will try and not have it happen until after the day's sports are over. I want to defeat that fellow in a race, just to show the cavalymen and other soldiers here that he is not the champion of the world, and that his horse is not the fastest, either."

"Well, yer kin bet that none of us will say anything about it until after you do," the scout declared.

"I'll take the stolen articles to the colonel after he gets up. I can induce him to wait until the holiday is over before he exposes the Cavalry King and has him arrested."

The young deadshot now mounted his horse and went out for a ride around the fort, just as though nothing had happened.

As he made a circuit of the fort and came back near his starting point Arietta called out to him.

Then he saw that she was getting ready to mount.

He quickly rode up to her.

"I didn't think you felt like taking a ride around, Et," he said. "I saw you busy sewing some of your finery."

"Well, I am never too busy to take a ride with you, Wild," she answered, with a laugh.

She mounted her horse and then the two rode off.

"I guess this is a mile track," said Wild, as they rode along a level stretch that showed signs of having been used quite often. There were stakes here and there to mark it out, and just under the guns of the fort there was a sort of stand built, which looked as though it might have been used by judges at some time or other.

"It looks like a sort of track," Arietta remarked, as she looked over it. "Let us go on around and see if it is. If it is a track I will race you around once from that stand over there."

"All right. We will see what your horse is made of."

The handsome young couple rode on around until they came to the stand.

Arietta was bareheaded, and attired in her fancy riding costume, and her long blonde hair hanging over her shoulders, she looked beautiful indeed.

And if she was beautiful, her young lover was certainly handsome and dashing.

As they came to the stand, which was a rather roughly-made affair, they came to a halt.

"What is it to be, Wild, a standing start?" asked Arietta, her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Any way that suits you, Et," was the reply.

"A standing start, then. But I think you should give

me a start of about a hundred yards, though. Spitfire can beat my horse easily, you know. If you let me win it would be because you tried to."

"Well, I tell you what you can do, Et. You ride out to that tree over there, and when I call out, go for all you're worth. That's a good three hundred yards start, and I will have to ride mighty fast to overtake you by the time you get here. But I am going to do it, so you can let your horse go all he is worth, and try to win out."

"All right," she answered. "But that is an awful handicap. I ought to win the race."

"Well, win it if you can. I want to give Spitfire a little exercise, for I may have something for him to do before the day is over."

Arietta rode out to the tree, and then turned and waited for the signal to go.

Wild gave it to her, and then as she was ready, she made her horse dart off like a flash.

The sorrel stallion started at the same time, and when his dashing young rider spoke to him sharply he settled down to a run that meant business.

Wild's partners and Anna and Eloise were of course watching the race.

But they were not the only ones.

Several of the soldiers of the fort now appeared on the scene, some of them taking positions on the stand.

Half way around the improvised track Wild had gained a full hundred yards on the girl.

That was pretty good for half a mile.

But the sorrel was not nearly at his best yet, while Arietta's horse was certainly doing about all he could.

Wild now had a straight track before him, and he let Spitfire out, rapidly overhauling his sweetheart.

Ten yards from the finish they were neck and neck.

Wild held the sorrel right there until the very last leap before the line was reached.

Then Spitfire went over it almost a length ahead.

A cheer went up from the bluecoats, for it certainly had been an exciting race.

But neither our hero nor his sweetheart paid any attention to them.

They rode around the track slowly once more, and then went back to the camp.

"I guess Spitfire is fit if there is any racing to be done to-day," Wild remarked as he dismounted at the camp.

"I never seen him when he wasn't fit, unless he'd jest covered seventy or eighty miles," the scout answered. "Ther horse that thievin' galoot has got is a mighty good one, Wild, but there ain't no use in comparin' him with Spitfire. That sorrel ain't got a match in ther whole world."

Jim assisted our hero in giving the two horses a good rub-down, especially Spitfire.

By this time Hop had eaten his breakfast.

It was nearly eight o'clock now, for our friends had not been in a hurry about rising, knowing well that there was no necessity of it, and that it was not the custom at the

fort for the officers to show up any earlier than they had to. "Hop," said Wild, "you go over and find out what time Colonel Strothers can be seen."

"Allee light, Misler Wild," and the Celestial was off right away.

He came back and reported that the colonel was eating his breakfast, and that he would be ready in about twenty minutes.

It was just about that time when they saw him come out.

He was smoking a cigar and looking up at the sky, which was a little cloudy just then.

"He's thinkin' of rain that might spile ther holiday," observed Cheyenne Charlie. "But it ain't goin' ter rain to-day. Putty soon ther sun will be out, an' it will be hotter than thunder. I know all about ther weather in this part of ther country."

"I guess you've got that right, Charlie," Wild said. Then turning to the clever Chinaman, he added:

"Come with me, Hop; I want you."

"Allee light, Misler Wild."

The two walked over to where the colonel was standing.

"Good morning, Wild," he said, pleasantly. "What kind of a day do you think we are going to have?"

"Well, Charlie says the sun will be out bright pretty soon, and that it will be hotter than thunder. I guess he's pretty nearly right on it, too."

"Well, I hope it is a good day, for I want to see the men enjoy themselves, for they are deserving of the holiday. They have been doing great work in this short campaign."

"Colonel, I should like to go in your office with you."

The colonel looked a bit surprised, for there was something in the tone of the boy's voice that told him there was something wrong.

"All right," he said; "come on. I am at your service."

He led the way in the house, and when he saw that Hop was coming, too, he looked at our hero, questioningly.

"That's all right, colonel; I want the Chinaman to come in, too."

"Just as you say."

When they got inside Wild closed the door and sat down, Hop remaining standing.

"Which window was it that the man climbed in, Hop?" our hero asked, turning to him.

"Lat um windee," was the quick reply, as it was pointed out.

The colonel looked amazed.

"What are you driving at, Young Wild West?" he demanded.

"Well, to get right down to it, colonel, you were robbed last night."

"What!"

His eyes turned to the safe right away.

"Great Scott!" he added. "I remember now that I forgot to lock the safe last night."

He hastened to it, and, finding it locked, looked around in a puzzled way.

"I don't understand this," he said, slowly. "I am posi-

tive that I left the safe open last night, and now it is locked."

"Well, to be brief about it, here are some things that were taken from the safe last night—or about two o'clock this morning, rather."

Wild laid the watch and jewelry on the desk before the astonished man.

"Who—who did this?" he cried, excitedly.

"I won't tell you, colonel, until you first make a promise to me."

"A promise?"

"Yes."

"What promise do you want me to make?"

"That you will not make known who the thief is until after the holiday is over."

"That seems to be a queer sort of a promise to make."

"No, it isn't. I am interested in the sports that are going to take place here to-day, and I don't want the affair spoiled."

"Would it spoil the fun if the thief was caught and locked up?"

"It surely would. The thief is one whom I consider my rival in horsemanship, and if he was locked up he could not compete with me. Colonel Strothers, the Cavalry King is the thief!"

The colonel turned pale and gasped for breath, letting his cigar fall from his hand.

Then Wild quickly told him the whole story, after which he made Hop tell it in his own way.

"Well, this beats all!" declared the astonished colonel. "I never would have thought that Kircher would be guilty of anything like that. But let's see if he took anything else."

The safe was soon opened and then he found that the money was gone.

"He has stolen nearly a thousand dollars!" he exclaimed. "The wretch! He shall suffer for this."

"But not until after I have defeated him in a race, colonel," said Wild, coolly.

"All right. It shall be as you say, Wild."

Then they talked it over for several minutes, and the result was that the colonel became quite calm and agreed to do just as our hero said.

CHAPTER X.

HOP GETS SOME "TANGLEFOOT."

"Well, everything is lovely in the camp, I guess," said Wild, as he went back and joined his friends. "I feel sorry for the poor fool, but he has got to take his medicine. Any man who would be guilty of what he has done should not go unpunished. Why, if Hop had not been a witness to the act there are lots of people who would have always believed that I was a thief."

"Ther galoot is deservin' of a bullet," Cheyenne Charlie exclaimed. "Sich fellers as he is hadn't oughter be left ter live."

Charlie had experienced so much in his life that he believed that bullets were the proper things to punish bad criminals with.

About nine o'clock Captain Aker, who was in charge of the affair, came over to the camp.

"Mr. West," said he, "I have decided to ask you to assist me in fixing up the programme for to-day's sports. I hear that you are a good one at such things."

"Well, I don't know as I am a good one at fixing up a schedule of sports suitable to the military forces, but I do know something about racing, jumping, shooting and the like. If I can help you any I shall be glad to do so."

"You can help me, I know. Well, if you don't mind, we will go over to my quarters and fix up something. I want to start it going at eleven o'clock sharp."

Our hero went over with him, and in about half an hour they had fixed up a programme that would last well along in the afternoon.

There was to be a cavalry drill, a foot race, a race on horseback, open to all comers, rifle and shotgun shooting at a target and glass balls, jumping matches and several other minor events.

During an intermission Hop Wah was set down to give an exhibition in magic, and Arietta was booked to give an exhibition of fancy shooting at glass balls with a rifle.

"I guess that is a pretty good programme, captain," said Wild, as he looked it over when it was completed.

"Well, there will be something else to come in, I suppose," was the reply. "The Cavalry King has intimated to me that in case he wins the race with the cavalymen he will challenge you."

"That will just suit me, Captain Aker. Kircher is called the Cavalry King, while some of my friends call me the Prince of the Saddle. It ought to be a very good race. I know I have a very good horse, and from what I have seen of Kircher's, he has, too. I believe I am as good a rider as he, so it will really depend upon the two horses, if such a race comes off."

The captain seemed much pleased at the way our hero spoke.

"Kircher said he hardly believed that you would accept his challenge," he went on to say a moment later. "He says you are down on him for something that occurred over at Forbes, and he thought it possible that you would refuse to race him on that account."

"Oh, he need not think that. I am very anxious to race the Cavalry King."

"Good! Then I know we shall have a great time here to-day."

Wild went back and informed his friends about the programme.

"They were all satisfied.

"Hop, you must think of a few good tricks, for there are people here who have visited theatres and witnessed all

sorts of magic performances," Jim Dart told the Chinaman.

"Allee light," was the reply; "me be allee samee leady."

When eleven o'clock came the hundred and fifty men at the fort were out in dress parade.

It was a genuine holiday, so all but the few who had to do guard duty were allowed to go and come when they pleased.

There seemed to be plenty of whisky floating about the place, too, and it was not long before Hop got it in his head that he needed some badly.

And when he started out to hunt up some tanglefoot he seldom came back without it.

Hop had a peculiar way of going about things.

It seemed strange that he should select the Cavalry King as the man to furnish him with the liquor, but he did.

Probably it was because the officer had drank from his bottle over at the settlement.

Hop was not long in finding him, after he once set out to look for him.

He saluted in military style and then said, blandly:

"Me likee havee lillee dlink of tanglefoot; me allee samee gottee lillee pain."

Kircher frowned, but, remembering how he had played draw poker with the Celestial, he decided to grant his request.

"Go and tell Corporal Springs to give you a bottle of whisky," he said. "You will find him over there."

He pointed out the spot, and as Hop started to go he called him back.

"You are not to tell anyone where you got the stuff, you know."

"Me no tellee; if Young Wild West findee out he allee samee bleak um bottle. He no likee tanglefoot."

"All right; go ahead."

Hop was not long in finding the corporal.

He was sitting on a bench, holding a hand mirror before him and trying to fix up his battered countenance.

Having lost two or three of his teeth, and with a swollen nose and a pair of black eyes, he did not look very pleasing.

Hop grinned when he saw him.

"What do you want?" demanded the corporal, angrily.

"Um Cavalry King say you givee me bottle of tanglefoot, so be," the Chinaman answered.

"What are you talking about, you rascally heathen? I haven't got any whisky."

"Len, um lieutenant allee samee telle lie. Me go and tellee him he lie."

Hop turned as though he was going to leave, but the corporal softened at once.

"Come on in," he said. "Are you sure Lieutenant Kircher told you to come here?"

"Me velly sure. Me ask um for lillee dlink of tanglefoot, and he say me go to um corporal, and he allee samee givee me whole bottle, so be."

"Well, I'll take the chances on doing it, then. But I ought to see him first. You wait here a minute."

"Allee light."

Hop had noticed him as he turned toward a closet before he changed his mind, and he knew that the rascally corporal must have the tanglefoot in that closet.

So the man was no sooner gone than he approached it and opened the door.

There it was, sure enough!

There were bottles there by the dozen, and demijohns, too.

Hop carefully selected two of the bottles and put them under his loose-fitting coat.

He had pockets there that were made for quart bottles.

When the corporal came back about two minutes later he found the Chinaman pensively gazing at a picture that was hanging to the wall.

"It's all right, heathen," he said, forcing a smile. "You can have a bottle. But don't you say where you got it, though. We had to smuggle this stuff here."

"Me no foolee; me no tell," Hop assured him.

Then he was given a bottle, and, thanking the corporal, he went on out with three of them.

Hop knew it would hardly be safe to take the whisky to the camp, since Wild would not allow it if he knew about it.

He decided to go somewhere and have a good time.

He worked his way around to a patch of woods that was right alongside the trail that led to Forbes.

Finding a good place to take it easy and enjoy some of the tanglefoot, he was just about to settle down and open one of the bottles when he saw a horseman approaching.

Hop had good eyesight and a very good memory as well.

He no sooner saw the horseman than he recognized him.

It was Nate Pepper, the man who was so fond of laughing, and who was called the fool of the settlement.

The Chinaman gave a nod of satisfaction.

It was more pleasant to drink in company than it was to be alone.

The tramp of the settlement was mounted on a raw-boned cayuse that suited his appearance perfectly.

He came along at an easy lope, and when opposite to where the Chinaman was waiting he was halted by him.

"What's ther matter?" he asked, as he rode up and looked at Hop, curiously.

A bottle was held up to his view.

"Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!" giggled the man, dismounting. "I reckon I'm right here, Mister Chineese. Say, ain't you Young Wild West's Chineese?"

Hop nodded.

"I thought so. Well, I'm mighty glad I met yer. I thought I'd take a ride to ther fort an' see what was goin' on. Got sorter tired of ther settlement, yer know. They don't treat me none too good there. He, he, he!"

"Me allee samee tleat you velly goodee," said the clever Celestial. "You havee lillee dlink?"

"Will I? Ha, ha, ha! Why, I feel jest like swimmin' in it! Jest give me a whack at it once."

"You havee allee wantee."

Then he generously gave him one of the bottles.

Hop always had a corkscrew, so the cork was soon removed.

Then they both sat down and proceeded to drink and talk.

But Hop knew that he had been put down to give a performance that afternoon, so he did not drink as heavily as the simple fellow did.

They had been there nearly half an hour when Cheyenne Charlie came out and found them.

The scout had seen Pepper riding toward the fort, and when he stopped in the woods and remained there so long, he decided to come over and find out the cause.

He saw the tramp sitting on the ground with the bottle at his side, and then he knew what was up right away.

Hop had got the bottle he had been drinking from out of sight, and when he saw the scout he shook his head sadly and said:

"Foolish man flom um Forbes gittee allee samee velly muchee dlunk, Misler Charlie."

"I should reckon so," was the reply. "I s'pose you ain't much better."

"Me allee light!" and to prove it to him, he got up and danced about Pepper, who was regarding the scout with a curious expression on his face.

"I reckon I've met you afore. He, he, he!" he giggled.

"Yes, that are right," was the retort. "Have yer wash-ed yourself since?"

"Nope! That bath in ther river was enough ter last me fur a month. Ha, ha, ha! But wasn't it funny, though!"

"Ah, shet up!" cried the scout in disgust. "Hop, you git on back to ther camp, or I'll make bullets flit around yer shins! You ain't goin' ter git drunk an' spoil all ther fun this afternoon."

"Me no gittee dlunk!"

Ignoring the simple fellow entirely, the Celestial hastened for the camp.

But he was now pretty well satisfied, so it was all right.

A few minutes after they got to the camp Pepper came riding up.

He was well known at the fort, for the soldiers grinned when they saw him.

Some of them found out that he had a bottle with him, but by the time they got hold of it there was very little in it.

The result was that Pepper went to sleep behind the store.

Hop managed to hide his tanglefoot, and so good a watch did the scout keep on him that he could not get any more of it.

Promptly at eleven o'clock the bugle sounded and the cavalymen assembled upon the open field near the fort for a drill.

As might be supposed, Kircher took a very prominent part in it.

He certainly was an expert in it, and but for the fact

that he had probably been born a villain he might have had a great future before him from a military standpoint.

But the Cavalry King was now as high as he ever would be. He had gone his full limit.

The stand Wild and Arietta had made the starting point of their race that morning from was used as a judges' stand.

Wild and his friends were invited there by the colonel, who was there with his staff, but they saw that it was pretty well filled up, and so stayed on the ground.

The drill lasted about fifteen minutes and the chiefs among the Apache prisoners were permitted to see it, probably for the purpose of making an impression upon them that would make them hesitate before they broke away from the reservation again.

The next thing on the programme was a sword contest on horseback, and when Captain Aker announced it, and gave it out that the Cavalry King was ready to pit himself against any soldier, whether an officer or private, there was no one to accept the challenge.

This was a great victory for Kircher in itself, for it showed that he was regarded as a sort of "world-beater" in that particular line.

Young Wild West smiled as he thought how easily he had disarmed the man the day before.

CHAPTER XI.

ARIETTA DOES SOME GREAT SHOOTING.

Captain Aker next announced that Miss Arietta Murdock would give an exhibition of rifle shooting at glass balls.

They had two traps at the fort, but they had never been used for rifle shooting.

Some of the officers were pretty good with shotguns and they often shot at glass balls to keep in practice.

They all wanted to see the girl who could hit glass balls with a rifle, of course.

Arietta had not shot at any glass balls from a trap in several months, but she often shot at stones that were thrown up for her by Wild, and that was just as difficult.

When she stepped out, her Winchester in her hand, she received a rousing cheer from the crowd.

"Hanged if the igrl isn't worth looking at, whether she can shoot or not," Kircher remarked to Captain Aker, who was standing near him.

"She certainly is a very charming young girl," was the reply.

"I can't see what she has such a liking for that young upstart for," and the Cavalry King shot a glance of hate at Young Wild West.

The captain noticed it, but said nothing.

He already knew that the two were enemies, and that accounted for the way the lieutenant spoke.

Just then Kircher happened to look at Colonel Strothers, who was standing at the front of the platform.

The colonel pulled out his watch at that moment.

The villainous lieutenant turned slightly pale, for, as near as he could see, it was the identical watch he had stolen from the safe the night before.

He had been wondering all the morning why it was that the theft had not been discovered, but took it for granted that the colonel had had nothing to open the safe for.

He quickly recovered himself and tried to make himself believe that it was not the same watch.

The watch he had stolen must be in the saddle-bags of Young Wild West.

Jim Dart managed the traps for Arietta, and when she was ready he sent up two glass balls, which were filled with feathers, so when they broke the feathers would scatter about in the air.

They came down without the girl shooting at them, for she regarded them as being too close.

Then she stepped back a few yards and gave the signal for him to let two more go.

Up they went at a distance of about ten yards apart.

Crack! Crack!

Arietta fired as coolly as a veteran at the game and both balls went to pieces.

A shout went up, but she paid no attention to it.

"Keep them going just as fast as you can, Jim," she called out.

Dart knew just how to do it, and he sent them up, one after the other.

And as fast as they arose in the air the girl broke them.

Out of sixteen shots she missed one glass ball.

"That is what I call pretty good, Et," whispered Wild, as he walked over to escort her from the field.

"Hold on, Wild," she answered; "I am not through yet. If I had not missed the eleventh shot I would feel satisfied. Now I have got to break two in one shot to make up for it."

He stepped back and allowed her to have her own way. She called Jim and told him what she wanted him to do.

"I'll try, Arietta," he said. "But I guess it will be a pretty hard thing to do."

"Well, if they are not in a line I'll run around and get them in a line."

"All right."

Dart adjusted the traps in the way he thought would best suit the purpose, and when he was ready he nodded to her.

"Let them go!" the girl called out.

Up went two glass balls straight in the air, and one right after the other.

As the first one reached its height, and started to fall, and the other was directly in range of it, on its way up, Arietta took a quick aim and pulled the trigger.

Crack!

Both balls flew to pieces.

Then such a shout went up that it echoed over the plains for a mile or more.

It was the best shot any of the soldiers had ever seen, and some of them had witnessed the shooting of the cracks of the country.

Of course it was due to the judgment of Jim Dart almost as much as to Arietta's good aim.

By good luck, and plenty of good judgment, he had sent the balks up so they would not be very far apart at any time.

The foot races were spirited and the cavalymen showed that they were good at running, as well as the foot soldiers.

When it came one o'clock an hour's recess occurred, during which they had dinner.

Wild and his friends ate at the colonel's quarters.

The colonel was much pleased with the way things were going on, but the contemptible action of the Cavalry King would come into his mind every now and then.

But he had kept his word, and not even a member of his family knew of the occurrence.

At two o'clock the sports were resumed.

The race open to only cavalymen was announced and there were four to enter it.

Wild was selected to be sole judge of the contest.

The four cavalymen rode up and announced themselves in readiness.

It was to be a mile race, around the improvised track once.

"You can act as starter, too, Mr. West," said Captain Aker. "You might as well do it."

"All right. If you say so, I will."

"I do say so. Go ahead."

Our hero motioned the contestants to get back from the line.

"When you hear the crack of my revolver you're off," he called out. "Now come on!"

They galloped up in great shape, and as the foremost one crossed the line Wild fired.

Then a really exciting race followed.

The cavalymen were stripped of their accoutrements and they appeared to be greatly in earnest.

But Kircher plainly had the best horse.

He rode with great skill, too, and before they were half way around he had taken the lead and was gradually increasing it.

He came in a winner by half a dozen lengths, and then he received a rousing cheer.

"Lieutenant Kircher, the Cavalry King, wins the race!" announced our hero, and then there was more cheering.

When the noise had stopped Kircher raised his hand, as though he wanted to speak.

The crowd became very silent.

"I would like to say that I will race anyone two miles for the championship of Fort Apache, whether he is a cavalryman or not," he said.

"I will accept the challenge," promptly retorted Young Wild West. "I know he means he."

"Anybody is welcome," was the retort.

Colonel Strothers now stepped to the edge of the platform and all listened to hear what he had to say.

"I will be the starter and judge in the race between Young Wild West and the Cavalry King," he announced. "I will give them half an hour to get ready, and in the meantime Hop Wah, the celebrated Chinese magician, will entertain you, since he is down for the next."

The colonel was a very popular man at the fort, and the cheering was deafening.

Hop Wah came forward smiling and bowing.

He had no paraphernalia with him that could be seen, but that did not signify anything, since his pockets were many and contained all sorts of things.

He did several tricks that really seemed marvellous to many of the spectators, and he was voted to be a great adjunct to the holiday show.

Just as Hop had performed a good feat Nate Pepper came in view.

He broke into a hearty laugh as he saw the Chinaman and headed straight for him.

"Got any more whisky?" he shouted. "I want some! Ha, ha, ha!"

The captain was about to order him away, but Hop motioned him to let him alone.

"Me showee lilee flick with um foolish dlunken man," he said loud enough for everyone to hear. "No takee velly muchee long."

Then from beneath his coat he pulled a bottle.

As he held it out Pepper made a grab for it.

But the instant he got hold of it what appeared to be a live snake flew out of Hop's sleeve and struck him in the face.

Pepper did not laugh this time.

Instead he uttered a shriek and ran from the spot like the wind.

Then Hop picked up the snake which had fallen to the ground, and began playing with it.

It was only a rubber one, but it looked so real that few knew the difference.

Finally when the clever Chinaman swallowed it—or seemed to do so—some in the crowd voted him to be something superhuman.

That wound up his part of the performance, and we may as well state right here that Nate Pepper reformed after that, and it was seldom that he uttered his foolish laugh.

He declared that the snake had jumped from the bottle, and no one could make him believe any different.

When the time came Wild mounted his sorrel stallion and rode around the other side of the starting line.

He was bareheaded and his horse was minus a saddle.

This was because he saw that Kircher's horse was the same way.

It was going to be real riding this time, and everybody seemed to realize it.

"I have heard say that a white man can't equal a redskin at riding bareback," said Captain Aker to Jim Dart. "But

I know better. The Cavalry King can ride that way with any redskin I ever saw."

"And so can Wild," Jim retorted.

"Well, as they have both got good horses, it ought to be a fine race."

"I haven't the least doubt but that it will be."

The colonel sent for Charlie and Jim to come upon the stand.

"I want you to be right here," he said. "Your partner has got a pretty tough proposition, and I want you to see that I give the proper decision."

"Oh, it ain't goin' ter be so awful close, colonel," replied the scout, with a grin. "There ain't no horse livin' what kin beat that sorrel. An' there ain't no one livin' what kin ride any better than Wild, either."

"It is the horse that will be the main factor in the race. But I must say that I like the looks of Kircher's as much as I do Wild's. I guess they are ready, so we'll start them off."

Then he turned to Wild and the Cavalry King and said:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," came the retort.

They were back a hundred yards from the starting line, side by side.

Absolute confidence was depicted on the face of Young Wild West, but Kircher looked worried.

Wild had not said a word to him, and he did not intend to until the race was over.

"Come on!" shouted Colonel Strothers.

The two spirited horses darted forward as if they were hitched to a wagon.

As they reached the line the colonel fired a shot and the great race between the rival riders was on.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

Young Wild West was holding hard on the sorrel as the race began.

Spitfire seemed to know what was required of him, for he had been in many races before.

If the animal had his own way about it he would take the lead at the start.

But his master did not want him to do that, not that he thought there would be any danger of losing the race, but he liked to make an exciting finish.

A two-mile spurt was nothing for the sorrel.

Away they went side by side for a hundred yards.

Then the Cavalry King's horse got half a length ahead.

Wild was riding steadily, and with the cheers from the crowd ringing in his ears, he fairly flew over the course.

Half way around Kircher was two lengths ahead of him.

He was riding quite easily, too, and the look on his face as he turned to see where his rival was showed that he was gaining confidence.

As they neared the starting point Spitfire put on more speed, in spite of Wild's efforts to hold him back a little.

It was neck and neck, as they passed the judges' stand the first time around.

"Whoopee!" yelled Cheyenne Charlie, waving his hat. "Now wait an' see ther Cavalry King git left! Young Wild West is a sure winner!"

"Hip, hip, hoolay!" shouted Hop, dancing wildly about behind the crowd that lined the course. "Me allee samee bully boy with um glasse eye! Hoolay for Young Wild West!"

There was so much shouting by the excited spectators that it was difficult to tell who they favored the most.

Wild let the lieutenant get a slight lead on him again, and when they were half way around he decided that he would show the crowd just how fast a good horse could run half a mile.

"Off with you, Spitfire!" he cried, slacking on the bridle rein and drawing up his feet to give the noble animal full swing.

Spitfire gave a whinny and leaped to the front like a rocket.

In vain did Kircher urge his horse; he could not hold his own, and when he saw the distance gradually widening between them a scowl showed on his face.

Like a meteor Young Wild West rode around, and when he dashed over the line he was a winner by nearly fifty yards.

The Cavalry King did not ride before the judges' stand, but turned off to the left and made for the stables.

Wild allowed his noble horse to go on around the track at an easy canter, and when he came to a halt in front of the platform the cheering was renewed.

A few of the officers had made bets on the race, and it was easy to tell who had won the money.

Young Wild West was quite used to ovations, so he did not mind the shouting in the least.

In a little while the excitement had subsided and the rest of the sports went on.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Kircher was not there.

The villain had sought out Corporal Springs and he was plying himself with whisky to drown the humiliation caused by his defeat.

"Never mind," he said to the corporal, after he had swallowed two stiff horns of brandy. "Maybe it will turn out that Young Wild West is not the wonderful boy they think he is. I wouldn't be surprised if he was branded a thief before the day is over."

"Is that so, lieutenant?" the corporal asked.

"Of course I have got no reason for saying that, but it runs in my head that he's no good," the villainous lieutenant went on to say. "I have seen fellows who bobbed up and carried everything before them for a while. But they always come down a few pegs, and mighty sudden, sometimes."

He did not seem to know that he was just one of the very kind he was talking about.

It was but a short time after the holiday was brought

to a close when a messenger from the colonel came in and handed the Cavalry King a note.

The villain read it in surprise.

It was only a line, but bade him report at once to the colonel's office.

Somehow Kircher got very uneasy as he spruced up to be in shape for the visit.

Finally he was ready, and, putting on his military bearing, he sallied forth and walked over to the headquarters.

In reply to his knock a voice called out for him to come in.

Then he entered and found the colonel seated at his desk, smoking a cigar.

He was alone in the room, as far as he could see.

The lieutenant saluted, but the colonel did not return it.

This struck the man as being rather strange.

Picking up a pair of scissors, Colonel Strothers got up and proceeded to cut off the villain's shoulder-straps.

"You are no longer a lieutenant in the United States Army, Kircher," he said, coolly. "I have the power to reduce you to the ranks, and I now do so."

"Wha—what is the matter, colonel?" he cried, feigning astonishment more than he really felt, for something told him that his crime had been discovered.

"Look at the safe there; perhaps that will tell you what is the matter. You are a thief, Kircher, and for such you will be duly tried!"

"I am no thief!" retorted the disgraced young man, putting on a bold front. "I must ask you to prove that accusation. If there is a thief around here anywhere, it is Young Wild West. I saw him enter the window of this office early this morning, but I made up my mind not to say anything until the crime was discovered."

"You lie, you hound!"

From behind a screen Young Wild West jumped, his eyes blazing dangerously.

The villain stepped back and reached for his hip pocket.

"Don't touch a shooter!" cried our hero. "If you do they will never court-martial you, for I will shoot you dead in your tracks, you low hound!"

Kircher folded his arms and tried different tactics.

"This is a conspiracy to ruin me," he said, with a remarkable coolness, considering the circumstances. "The colonel accuses me of robbing him, and I accuse you, Young Wild West. I saw you crawl through that window about two o'clock this morning. Now can you bring anyone who will say that they saw me commit the theft?"

"Come here, Hop," he said, and out from behind the screen stepped the Chinaman.

"Is this the man who robbed the colonel's safe and then came to our camp and put the watch in my saddle-bags and the rings and brooch in the pocket of my coat?"

"Lat um velly samee man, so be!" declared Hop, pointing at him, dramatically.

This was too much for Kircher.

He staggered back and almost fell in a chair.

"It is all up!" he exclaimed with a sob. "I played the

game and lost. Do with me as you like, Colonel Strothers."

"I shall certainly put you to the limit," was the cold retort. "You deserve to be shot, for no one but the worst sort of a scoundrel would do what you did. I'll trouble you to hand over the money you took from the safe, Kircher."

The young man had it on his person, and with trembling hands he produced it and handed it over.

"There it is, every dollar," he said. "Now order me to be taken out and shot. That will suit me better than anything else."

"Colonel," spoke up Wild, looking him squarely in the face, "I am going to ask a special favor of you."

"What is it, Wild?"

"Let this man go, will you? I firmly believe that though he is a villain at heart, it was my fault that he stole from your safe. He regarded me as his rival, and he hated me so much that he wanted to injure me. He stole and kept your money, but put the watch and jewelry in my possession, so I would be blamed for it all. I'll forgive him, so if you will let him leave the fort in disgrace you will confer a favor on me."

The colonel thought a moment.

"Very well," he said. "But I will have to report to my superiors why I did it. That must be done, in order to make myself straight with the War Department."

"Well, that's all right. Let the Cavalry King go! I know he is no good, but I don't want to have him punished any further on my account. I'll tell him right here, though, if he ever crosses my path, and tries to do a dirty act, I am going to show him how quick I can drop him!"

The colonel looked at the disgraced man and then pointed to the door.

"Go!" he exclaimed.

Kircher went, probably one of the worst humiliated young men in the world at that moment.

That was the last our friends ever saw of the Cavalry King.

The next day they left Fort Apache, taking the trail to the southwest.

What would turn up next they did not know, but it is safe to say that they were ready for it.

THE END.

Read "YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE SIOUX SCALPERS; OR, HOW ARIETTA SAVED HER LIFE," which will be the next number (246) of "Wild West Weekly."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

WORK AND WIN.

The Best Weekly Published.

READ ONE AND YOU WILL READ THEM ALL.

LATEST ISSUES:

- 365 Fred Fearnot and the Fiddlers' Convention; or, The Music that Puzzled the Musicians.
366 Fred Fearnot's Wall Street Game; or, Beating the Brokers.
367 Fred Fearnot and the Wild Mustang; or A Chase of Thirty Days.
368 Fred Fearnot and the Boasting Cowboy; or, Teaching a Braggart a Lesson.
369 Fred Fearnot and the School Boy; or, The Brightest Lad in New York.
370 Fred Fearnot's Game Teamster; or, A Hot Time on the Plains.
371 Fred Fearnot and the Renegade; or, The Man Who Defied Bullets.
372 Fred Fearnot and the Poor Boy; or, The Dime that Made a Fortune.
373 Fred Fearnot's Treasure Hunt! or, After the Aztec's Gold.
374 Fred Fearnot and the Cowboy King; or, Evelyn and the "Bad" Men.
375 Fred Fearnot and "Roaring Bill"; or, The Wickedest Boy in the West.
376 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Prospector; or, The Secret Band of Indian Gulch.
377 Fred Fearnot and the Banker's Boy; or, The Lad Who Cornered the Market.
378 Fred Fearnot and the Boy of Grit; or, Forcing His Way to the Top.
379 Fred Fearnot and the Diamond Queen; or, Helping the Treasury Department.
380 Fred Fearnot and the White Masks; or, Chasing the Chicago Stranglers.
381 Fred Fearnot at Sandy-Licks; or, Taming a "Bad" Man.
382 Fred Fearnot and the Drunkard's Son; or, A Hot Fight Against Rum.
383 Fred Fearnot and the Snake-Charmer; or, Out With the Circus Fakirs.
384 Fred Fearnot's Pony Express; or, A Rough Ride in Texas.
385 Fred Fearnot Held Back; or, The Time Terry Failed Him.
386 Fred Fearnot and the Tough Trio; or, Keeping the Peace at Gold Bar.
387 Fred Fearnot and "Nobody's Boy"; or, Helping Along an Orphan.
388 Fred Fearnot's Promise; or, Helping a Drunkard's Boy.
389 Fred Fearnot and the Hunted Man; or, Solving a Queer Mystery.
390 Fred Fearnot and the Girl of Gold; or, The Female "Wizard" of Wall Street.
391 Fred Fearnot and Uncle Josh; or, Saving the Old Homestead.
392 Fred Fearnot and "Long Luke"; or, The Toughest Man in Texas.
393 Fred Fearnot on the Diamond; or, Playing Pennant Ball.
394 Fred Fearnot and the Silver Syndicate; or, Beating the Wall Street Sharks.
395 Fred Fearnot's Conquering Stroke; or, Winning the Silver Sculls.
396 Fred Fearnot's Summer Camp; or, Hunting in the North Woods.
397 Fred Fearnot's Baseball Boys; or, Playing in the League.
398 Fred Fearnot and the "Wharf Rats"; or, Solving a North River Mystery.
399 Fred Fearnot and His No-Hit Game; or, Striking out the Champions.
400 Fred Fearnot and the Boot-Black; or, Giving a Poor Boy His Rights.
401 Fred Fearnot's Puzzling Curves; or, Fooling the League Batsmen.
402 Fred Fearnot's Triple Play; or, How He and Terry Won the Game.
403 Fred Fearnot and "Ned, The Newsy"; or, The Sharpest Boy in New York.
404 Fred Fearnot and the Farmer's Boy; or, A Greenhorn from the Country.
405 Fred Fearnot and the White Moose; or, Out on a Strange Hunt.
406 Fred Fearnot's Swim for Life; or, How He Fooled His Foes.
407 Fred Fearnot and the Grafters; or, Trailing the East Side Crooks.
408 Fred Fearnot and the Bell-Boy; or, The Great Hotel Robbery.
409 Fred Fearnot and the Council of Ten; or, The Plot Against His Life.
410 Fred Fearnot's Football Boys; or, Winning on the Gridiron.
411 Fred Fearnot and the Broker's Game; or, Downing a Wall Street Gang.
412 Fred Fearnot and Wild Will; or, Reforming a Bad Boy.
413 Fred Fearnot and the Range Robbers; or, Seeing Justice Done.
414 Fred Fearnot's Drop Kick; or, Playing Great Football.
415 Fred Fearnot and the Temperance Boy; or, Driving Out the Home Wreckers.
416 Fred Fearnot's Deal in Diamonds; or, The Strange Man from Africa.
417 Fred Fearnot and Dead-Shot Dick; or, Beating the Western Champion.
418 Fred Fearnot and the Mill Girl; or, The Factory Gang of Fairdale.
419 Fred Fearnot's New Ice-Boat; or, Beating the Best of Them.
420 Fred Fearnot's Christmas Day; or, How He and Terry Had Some Fun.
421 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Who Tried; or, Bound to Rise in the World.
422 Fred Fearnot's Temperance Talk; or, Pleading for a Good Cause.
423 Fred Fearnot and Lawyer Lee; or, Helping a Poor Widow's Case.
424 Fred Fearnot's Snow-Shoe Trip; or, A Tough Time in the Rockies.
425 Fred Fearnot and Old Mason; or, The Sharpest Fox in Wall Street.
426 Fred Fearnot at Ranch X; or, Giving the Cowboys Points.
427 Fred Fearnot's Search for Evelyn; or, How She Got Lost.
428 Fred Fearnot and the Village Boss; or, Dealing With a Hard Man.
429 Fred Fearnot's Streak of Luck; or, The Gold Gang of Gilt Edge.
430 Fred Fearnot's False Friend; or, Almost Brought to Ruin.
431 Fred Fearnot and the Kentucky Girl; or, Down in the Blue Grass Country.
432 Fred Fearnot and "Lucky Lew"; or, The Man Who Could Not Lose.
433 Fred Fearnot and "Nervy Ned"; or, The Pluckiest Boy in Wah Street.
434 Fred Fearnot and the "Yellow Queen"; or, The Mysterious Sign of the Seven.
435 Fred Fearnot's Range Riders; or, Hunting Down the Outlaws.
436 Fred Fearnot and the Lumber-Jacks; or, A Wild Time in the Woods.
437 Fred Fearnot and "Happy Harry"; or, The Boy Who Always Won.
438 Fred Fearnot in Fortune City; or, The Greatest Chance in the World.
439 Fred Fearnot and "Pittsburgh Pete"; or, Lively Times in the Oil Country.
440 Fred Fearnot's Stern Chase; or, After the Mexican Raiders.
441 Fred Fearnot's Opening Game; or, Out to Win the Pennant.
442 Fred Fearnot's Only Assist; or, Making Team Work Win.
443 Fred Fearnot and the Swifton Sports; or, Playing Ball for a Big Stake.
444 Fred Fearnot at Second Base; or, Winning Out in the Ninth.
445 Fred Fearnot's Great Challenge; or, Calling Down the Boasters.
446 Fred Fearnot's Loyal Rooters; or, Following up the Game.
447 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Wonders; or, The Youngest Nine in the League.
448 Fred Fearnot's Double Header; or, Playing It Out to Win.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, N. Y.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....190
..... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
..... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions, of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

COLORED COVERS

PRICE 5 Cts.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

32 PAGES

This Weekly contains interesting stories of smart boys, who win fame and fortune by their ability to take advantage of passing opportunities. Some of these stories are founded on true incidents in the lives of our most successful self-made men, and show how a boy of pluck, perseverance and brains can become famous and wealthy.

ALREADY PUBLISHED.

- 8 The Wheel of Fortune; or, The Record of a Self-Made Boy.
- 9 Nip and Tuck; or, The Young Brokers of Wall Street.
- 10 A Copper Harvest; or, The Boys Who Worked a Deserted Mine.
- 11 A Lucky Penny; or, The Fortunes of a Boston Boy.
- 12 A Diamond in the Rough; or, A Brave Boy's Start in Life.
- 13 Baiting the Bears; or, The Nerviest Boy in Wall Street.
- 14 A Gold Brick; or, The Boy Who Could Not be Downed.
- 15 A Streak of Luck; or, The Boy Who Feathered His Nest.
- 16 A Good Thing; or, The Boy Who Made a Fortune.
- 17 King of the Market; or, The Young Trader in Wall Street.
- 18 Pure Grit; or, One Boy in a Thousand.
- 19 A Rise in Life; or, The Career of a Factory Boy.
- 20 A Barrel of Money; or, A Bright Boy in Wall Street.
- 21 All to the Good; or, From Call Boy to Manager.
- 22 How He Got There; or, The Pluckiest Boy of Them All.
- 23 Bound to Win; or, The Boy Who Got Rich.
- 24 Pushing It Through; or, The Fate of a Lucky Boy.
- 25 A Born Speculator; or, The Young Sphinx of Wall Street.
- 26 The Way to Success; or, The Boy Who Got There.
- 27 Struck Oil; or, The Boy Who Made a Million.
- 28 A Golden Risk; or, The Young Miners of Della Cruz.
- 29 A Sure Winner; or, The Boy Who Went Out With a Circus.
- 30 Golden Fleece; or, The Boy Brokers of Wall Street.
- 31 A Mad Cap Scheme; or, The Boy Treasure Hunters of Cocos Island.
- 32 Adrift on the World; or, Working His Way to Fortune.
- 33 Playing to Win; or, The Foxiest Boy in Wall Street.
- 34 Tatters; or, A Boy from the Slums.
- 35 A Young Monte Cristo; or, The Richest Boy in the World.
- 36 Won by Pluck; or, The Boys Who Ran a Railroad.
- 37 Beating the Brokers; or, The Boy Who "Couldn't be Done."
- 38 A Rolling Stone; or, The Brightest Boy on Record.
- 39 Never Say Die; or, The Young Surveyor of Happy Valley.
- 40 Almost a Man; or, Winning His Way to the Top.
- 41 Boss of the Market; or, The Greatest Boy in Wall Street.
- 42 The Chance of His Life; or, The Young Pilot of Crystal Lake.
- 43 Striving for Fortune; or, From Bell-Boy to Millionaire.
- 44 Out for Business; or, The Smartest Boy in Town.
- 45 A Favorite of Fortune; or, Striking it Rich in Wall Street.
- 46 Through Thick and Thin; or, The Adventures of a Smart Boy.
- 47 Doing His Level Best; or, Working His Way Up.
- 48 Always on Deck; or, The Boy Who Made His Mark.
- 49 A Mint of Money; or, The Young Wall Street Broker.
- 50 The Ladder of Fame; or, From Office Boy to Senator.
- 51 On the Square; or, The Success of an Honest Boy.
- 52 After a Fortune; or, The Pluckiest Boy in the West.
- 53 Winning the Dollars; or, The Young Wonder of Wall Street.
- 54 Making His Mark; or, The Boy Who Became President.
- 55 Heir to a Million; or, The Boy Who Was Born Lucky.
- 56 Lost in the Andes; or, The Treasure of the Buried City.
- 57 On His Mettle; or, A Plucky Boy in Wall Street.
- 58 A Lucky Chance; or, Taking Fortune on the Wing.
- 59 The Road to Success; or, The Career of a Fortunate Boy.
- 60 Chasing Pointers; or, The Luckiest Boy in Wall Street.
- 61 Rising in the World; or, From Factory Boy to Manager.
- 62 From Dark to Dawn; or, A Poor Boy's Chance.
- 63 Out for Himself; or, Paving His Way to Fortune.
- 64 Diamond Cut Diamond; or, The Boy Brokers of Wall Street.
- 65 A Start in Life; or, A Bright Boy's Ambition.
- 66 Out for a Million; or, The Young Midas of Wall Street.
- 67 Every Inch a Boy; or, Doing His Level Best.
- 68 Money to Burn; or, The Shrewdest Boy in Wall Street.
- 69 An Eye to Business; or, The Boy Who Was Not Asleep.
- 70 Tipped by the Ticker; or, An Ambitious Boy in Wall Street.
- 71 On to Success; or, The Boy Who Got Ahead.
- 72 A Bid for a Fortune; or, A Country Boy in Wall Street.
- 73 Bound to Rise; or, Fighting His Way to Success.
- 74 Out for the Dollars; or, A Smart Boy in Wall Street.
- 75 For Fame and Fortune; or, The Boy Who Won Both.
- 76 A Wall Street Winner; or, Making a Mint of Money.
- 77 The Road to Wealth; or, The Boy Who Found It Out.
- 78 On the Wing; or, The Young Mercury of Wall Street.
- 79 A Chase for a Fortune; or, The Boy Who Hustled.
- 80 Juggling With the Market; or, The Boy Who Made it Pay.
- 81 Cast Adrift; or, The Luck of a Homeless Boy.
- 82 Playing the Market; or, A Keen Boy in Wall Street.
- 83 A Pot of Money; or, The Legacy of a Lucky Boy.
- 84 From Rags to Riches; or, A Lucky Wall Street Messenger.
- 85 On His Merits; or, The Smartest Boy Alive.
- 86 Trapping the Brokers; or, A Game Wall Street Boy.
- 87 A Million in Gold; or, The Treasure of Santa Cruz.
- 88 Bound to Make Money; or, From the West to Wall Street.
- 89 The Boy Magnate; or, Making Baseball Pay.
- 90 Making Money; or, A Wall Street Messenger's Luck.
- 91 A Harvest of Gold; or, The Buried Treasure of Coral Island.
- 92 On the Curb; or, Beating the Wall Street Brokers.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, etc., of Western Life.

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

32 PAGES

HANDSOME COLORED COVERS

PRICE 5 CENTS

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published. Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

LATEST ISSUES:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 190 Young Wild West's Branding Bee; or, Arietta and the Cow Punchers. | 219 Young Wild West and the Apache Princess; or, Arietta's Fierce |
| 191 Young Wild West and His Partners' Pile, and How Arietta Saved it. | Foe. |
| 192 Young Wild West at Diamond Dip; or, Arietta's Secret Foe. | 220 Young Wild West's Bucking Bronchos; or, The Picnic at Panther |
| 193 Young Wild West's Buckhorn Bowtie, and How It Saved His Partners. | Pass. |
| 194 Young Wild West in the Haunted Hills; or, Arietta and the Aztec Arrow. | 221 Young Wild West's Cowboy Charm; or, Arietta and the Border |
| 195 Young Wild West's Cowboy Dance; or, Arietta's Annoying Admirer. | Bandits. |
| 196 Young Wild West's Double Shot; or, Cheyenne Charlie's Life Line. | 222 Young Wild West's Lucky Lode; or, Making a Thousand Dol- |
| 197 Young Wild West at Gold Gorge; or, Arietta and the Drop of Death. | lars a Minute. |
| 198 Young Wild West and the Gulf Gang; or, Arietta's Three Shots. | 223 Young Wild West and the California Coiners; or, Arietta at Bay. |
| 199 Young Wild West's Treasure Trove; or, The Wonderful Luck of the Girls. | 224 Young Wild West Raking in Riches; or, Arietta's Great Pan-Out. |
| 200 Young Wild West's Leap in the Dark; or, Arietta and the Under-ground Stream. | 225 Young Wild West Marked for Death; or, A Tough Time at Tomb- |
| 201 Young Wild West and the Silver Queen; or, The Fate of the Mystic Ten. | stone. |
| 202 Young Wild West Striking it Rich; or, Arietta and the Cave of Gold. | 226 Young Wild West Trailing a Traitor; or, Arietta's Triple Danger. |
| 203 Young Wild West's Relay Race; or, The Fight at Fort Feather. | 227 Young Wild West's Clever Cowboys; or, The Rough Riders of the |
| 204 Young Wild West and the "Crooked Cowboys"; or, Arietta and the Cattle Stampede. | Ranch. |
| 205 Young Wild West at Sizzling Fork; or, A Hot Time With the Claim Jumpers. | 228 Young Wild West and Geronimo; or, Arietta and the Apache |
| 206 Young Wild West and "Big Buffalo"; or, Arietta at the Stake. | Attack. |
| 207 Young Wild West Raiding the Raiders; or, The Vengeance of the Vigilants. | 229 Young Wild West Standing Pat; or, Cheyenne Charlie's Call. |
| 208 Young Wild West's Royal Flush; or, Arietta and the Gamblers. | 230 Young Wild West Hemmed In; or, Arietta's Last Shot. |
| 209 Young Wild West and the Prairie Pirates; or, The Fight for the Box of Gold. | 231 Young Wild West on a Twisted Trail; or, Arietta's Running |
| 210 Young Wild West Daring Death; or, How the Sorrel Saved Arietta. | Fight. |
| 211 Young Wild West Corraling the Comanches; or, Arietta and the Silver Tomahawk. | 232 Young Wild West and the Gila Girl; or, Arietta and the Outlaw |
| 212 Young Wild West at Spangle Springs; or, The Toughest Town in Texas. | Queen. |
| 213 Young Wild West and the Renegade Ranchman; or, Arietta in a Trap. | 233 Young Wild West's Raid in the Rockies; or, Grilling the Gulch |
| 214 Young Wild West's Gold Dust Drift; or, Losing a Cool Million. | Gang. |
| 215 Young Wild West and the Overland Outlaws; or, Arietta's Death Charm. | 234 Young Wild West and the Colorado Cowpunchers; or, Arietta and |
| 216 Young Wild West and the Ace of Clubs; or, A Human Pack of Cards. | the Dead Line. |
| 217 Young Wild West at Death Valley; or, Arietta and the Cliff of Gold. | 235 Young Wild West and "Slippery Simon"; or, Trailing an Outlaw |
| 218 Young Wild West and the Bowie Band; or, A Hot Hunt in the Horse Hills. | King. |
| | 236 Young Wild West Saving the Soldiers; or, Arietta's Great Ride. |
| | 237 Young Wild West's Cowboy Camp; or, The Trail that Led to a |
| | Trap. |
| | 238 Young Wild West's Straight Shot; or, Arietta and the Train |
| | Wreckers. |
| | 239 Young Wild West after the Arapahoes; or, The Outbreak on the |
| | Reservation. |
| | 240 Young Wild West Beating the Boomers; or, How Arietta Exposed |
| | a Fraud. |
| | 241 Young Wild West and Monte Mack; or, The Girl of Golden Gulch. |
| | 242 Young Wild West and the Silver Seekers; or, Arietta's "Hot Lead |
| | Sauce." |
| | 243 Young Wild West's Lively Lasso and How it Corraled the Cowboy |
| | Crooks. |
| | 244 Young Wild West at Greaser Gulch; or, Arietta and the Masked Mex- |
| | icans. |
| | 245 Young Wild West and the Cavalry King; or, The Race with a Rival |
| | Rider. |
| | 246 Young Wild West and the Sioux Scalpers; or, How Arietta Saved her |
| | Life. |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

- | | |
|--|-------|
|copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos..... | |
| " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos..... | |
| " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos..... | |
| " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos..... | |
| " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos..... | |
| " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos..... | |
| " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos..... | |
| " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos..... | |

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....